

The Nation.

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The Week.

WHAT was the object of calling an extra session of the Senate?

According to the Democrats, whose course has been perfectly consistent, it was to confirm the Executive appointments and ratify certain pending treaties. According to the Republicans, it was to arrange the committees with a Republican preponderance, and to oust certain Democratic officers of the Senate, and until this last is accomplished they say no other business shall be done except at their good pleasure. The result has been a week of Democratic filibustering in the interest of executive sessions not at all requiring the filling of the offices in question, and a series of adjournments when Democratic endurance has worn out Republican patience. In the meantime, the President has given notice, by his appointments, of numerous and important changes, affecting a large circle of office-holders, with their families and dependents; the Supreme Court has been more than once prevented from sitting by lack of a quorum; the District of Columbia is without a marshal, and the treaties are laid upon the shelf. It seems incredible that party allegiance, or caucus allegiance, should hold *all* the Republicans to a course which has not a shadow of excuse, which is so detrimental to the interests of the country, and which tends to increase the popular contempt for Congress and the public dread of extra sessions. The explanation of it is, of course, the bargain which (with the help of the Vice-President's casting vote) gave the Republicans the majority whose right to have things its own way they solemnly declaim about. But in this bargain with General Mahone the main consideration on the part of the Republicans is the appointment of Riddleberger to be Sergeant-at-Arms—in other words, the rewarding of a "worker" who has never lifted a finger for the success of the Republican party, and who is notorious for having introduced in the Virginia Legislature the repudiating measure which was barely averted by the Governor's veto.

When Senator David Davis voted with the Democrats to arrange the Senate committees, he justified himself by alleging the Democratic complexion of the vote which gave him his seat. No justification would have been necessary but for his mysterious endeavors for four years to act the part of an Independent—a part either wholly inconsistent with his doctrine of loyalty to his constituents, or not affected by the particular question calling for his vote. Senator Mahone's course, however, so far from shocking Judge Davis, encouraged him to resume his independence, and to side with the Republican majority, built on disloyalty, in the issue about filling the executive offices of the Senate with Republicans. His apology for refusing to oppose the turning out of the present incumbents was that the "constitutional majority" was "fairly entitled" to make the sweep if it chose, and that the change of officers "naturally" accompanied the reorganization of the committees. This is, however, so unnatural that the two things have never gone together in the history of the Senate, and if they had done so, it is only by a miserable confusion of ideas that one could pretend there was any necessary connection between clerical duties and the work for which legislative committees are carefully selected. The latter are, of course, made up with a view to party responsibility for the government of the country; but a sergeant-at-arms, who preserves order and keeps members' accounts, or a secretary or chief clerk, whose duties pertain to the regular despatch of business, or a chaplain, who prays for the whole body if he is not an impertinence, has no more concern with the political sentiment of the majority than have the pages or the conductor of the elevator or the telegraph operator, or any other of the scores of petty employees dependent on the officers whose patronage is now sought to be recovered by the Republicans.

The debates to kill time have been amusing from the inability of the Democrats to set up a perfect defence, and from the Republican reli-

ance upon a precedent which they resisted with all their might two years ago. Each side, therefore, has improved the opportunity to have the clerk read the "record" of its opponents in 1879. Mr. Butler, in conformity with our suggestion last week, spread again upon the minutes Mr. Conkling's fervid rhetoric about partisan cupidity and voracity, and Mr. Anthony's more elaborate and touching appeal against change in a Senate which never dies. Mr. Anthony was neatly pinned, for in 1879 Mr. Hill had prophetically enquired: "If the Senate should become Republican in two years from now, will he [the Senator from Rhode Island] oppose a change of the officers then?" To which Mr. Anthony replied, after some futile fencing: "It will depend upon the manner in which they fulfil the duties of their offices. . . . I do not think I shall ever be found advocating the removal of officers of this body who have performed their duties with fidelity, with honesty, and with intelligence." Now, there has not been a pretence that the present officers are in any way inefficient, and when Senator Logan was asked directly whether any such charge had been brought against them, he frankly replied, No, adding: "That is not the question. The question is, Have we the power to change them? If we have, we have the right. That is all there is in it." Mr. Saulsbury's advocacy of this policy when his bull was doing the goring afforded equal merriment when read by Republican request, and there was a deal of cheerful banter over the civil-service "humbug," as Brown of Georgia called it, though he thought the majority ought to be bound by it, considering how much two of their Presidents had had to say about the theory and about competitive examinations.

The most pitiful figure has been cut by the Massachusetts Senators. Mr. Dawes has been flattered with the leadership in enforcing the decree of the caucus, and has consequently had to suppress his immature sympathy with civil-service reform, and to explain his willingness to approve a repudiator. His success has been very indifferent. He tolerated Riddleberger, he said, because, in spite of his financial heresies, he was a Southerner in favor of a full and free ballot. Mr. Beck then proceeded to make things uncomfortable by showing that Riddleberger had, some years ago, on being opposed by a colored member of the Virginia Legislature, named Moss, who favored the State's honest payment of its debts, moved his expulsion as a nuisance. Had the victim's name been Big Snake, there is no telling what would have been the effect of this reminiscence on Mr. Dawes's sensibilities, but as it was it left him dumb. Mr. Hoar, whose scent for treason is confessedly unsurpassed, rose to the full height of the occasion when Senator Brown announced the minority's resolve to invite the majority "to go back to the business for which you were called together by your President," and to "continue that operation" until June, or even till December if necessary. He regarded "that declaration as containing the essence of revolution and treason to the institutions of this country"; the reason being that it involved the substitution of the will of the minority for that of the majority. This new view of the alarming nature of filibustering—in other words, using the rules of the Senate to accomplish a negative end—was exposed with a light touch by Senator Brown, who convicted Mr. Hoar of having filibustered at the close of the last session, and of even refusing to vote when sitting in his place. Mr. Hoar said it was a "very little one": he had only been treasonable once or twice, and filibustering was sometimes lawful. But he was unable, when called upon, to draw the line between what Mr. Brown magnanimously allowed to be his "petty treason" and the unmitigated crime against the existence of the Government with which he had charged the Senator from Georgia. Mr. Logan came to his rescue by making a new and startling issue, that their oath to the Constitution required the minority to permit the majority to do everything in their own time, while Senator Johnston, of Virginia, put Mr. Hoar and his colleagues in the revolutionary category by pointing out the grave public inconvenience arising from their unnecessary obstruction of business.

The latest Washington news makes it probable that the "harmony"

which was apparently the object of the recent Federal appointments will remain the same impalpable vision as ever, and just as difficult to realize by the method of compromise. The history of the nominations shows, nevertheless, that no pains were spared to render the slate unimpeachable, if not unobjectionable to all hands. The first batch, containing the names of Woodford and Tenney for District-Attorneys, Payn and McDougall for Marshals, and Tyler for Collector at Buffalo, was entirely acceptable to the New York representatives in the Senate; and since Mr. Hayes had just pointedly ignored the "claims" of Woodford, it was at once assumed that the President was disposed to "conciliate" Senator Conkling in the most harmonious spirit. This was, however, followed by the transfer of Collector Merritt to the consulate-general at London, the appointment in his place of State Senator Robertson, and that of William E. Chandler as Solicitor-General. Considering the prominence of Chandler and Robertson as supporters of Mr. Blaine in the recent canvass, it was at once felt that the latter's influence had been allowed as much weight as it was entitled to in view of the ticklish state of harmony at present, and, moreover, Judge Robertson had never purged himself of the contempt involved in his action at Chicago, where he incurred Senator Conkling's direct displeasure. The sending of General Badeau to Denmark, where it appears now he does not wish to go, was also hardly to be regarded as an offset to the appointment of Mr. William Walter Phelps as Minister to Austria, and in general the outlook became more inharmonious than ever. After all, to render the award of prizes perfectly just it is necessary that they should be of equal size as well as generally distributed, and not only had Mr. Conkling not got a fair share but it was Mr. Blaine who had got far more.

Still, it was at first suspected that Mr. Conkling would accept the situation, since the President had "recognized his claims" to a considerable extent instead of "antagonizing" him, as Mr. Hayes had so inharmoniously done. The *Tribune*, naturally in high spirits and wholly recovered from the defeat of Mr. Skinner for the Assembly Speakership, denounced all expressions of dissent in the strongest terms, viz., as "silly talk" current among people "too stupid to understand the plain, frank, and openly-declared purpose of the Administration"; and the Democrats at Albany, with uncommon astuteness, got resolutions unanimously passed in both branches of the Legislature requesting Judge Robertson's confirmation by the Senate. However, the "silly talk" increased, and it became known that Senator Conkling was growing less and less harmoniously disposed, and that the President had not only unduly favored his rival but had treated him in a perfidious as well as discourteous manner. According to some "secret history" disclosed by the *Times*, the President sent for him before the nominations and had "a very interesting and altogether friendly interview" of several hours with him. Although, says the *Times*, it is well known that the Senator "never makes demands on such occasions," and contented himself with requesting a consultation whenever the President wished to approach the subject of the New York appointments (to which the President gave what he considered "a cordial and hearty acquiescence"), nevertheless the former avoided seeing him again before sending in even the Woodford batch of nominations. Difficult as it seemed to undo the hasty action of the New York Legislature, the friends of the deceived Senator did not shrink from the work, and rumors became current in Washington that besides the New York Senators and the Vice-President, many other members of the Senate were opposed to Judge Robertson's confirmation, and even that Postmaster-General James was about to resign. Attorney-General MacVeagh was also said to be sufficiently disgusted with the nomination of Chandler to be upon the point of withdrawal. We have seen no excuse offered anywhere for the real cause of offence, so far as the public is concerned, in the President's action. The harmony plea has proved ludicrously absurd as a defence of his violation, in the removal of Collector Merritt, whose term does not expire for two years yet, of his own rule of fixity of tenure during the term for which an appointment is made.

After mature deliberation President Garfield has decided not to call an extra session of Congress; and this decision meets with the hearty

approval of the business community, although it is a disappointment to the politicians who wanted to scour the South for political material for the autumn campaign, to the jobbers and lobbyists who infest Washington, and to the hotel and boarding-house keepers of that city. The only good reason for an extra session was to secure legislation to facilitate refunding of the maturing debt; but this disappeared when it was found that existing laws can be used so as to provide money with which to pay all the 6 per cent. bonds which mature this year, and a good part of the 5 per cents. It is even thought probable that more of the debt can be provided for than if the Refunding Bill of the last session had become a law, as it was very doubtful whether much could have been done under that bill; and it is certainly better to use the existing means for taking care of the maturing bonds than to trust to an extra session, which might be spun out into midsummer and be taken up until near the close with matters foreign to refunding. All that remains now to be known about the Treasury finances which intimately concern the money market is the plan of action of the new Secretary of the Treasury; and this is promised in a few days.

The effect of the decision against an extra session was to cause what the Wall Street brokers call a "good feeling" in all the markets, and prices at the Stock Exchange advanced. Usually the money market is active at this season of the year, but it is not so now, the uncertainty as to the extra session having paralyzed all manner of enterprises, which, of course, lessened the demand for money. The Treasury has begun the prepayment of the April interest—about \$7,000,000; and besides, a good deal of gold has arrived from Europe—about \$4,000,000—in the last seven days. The gold imports since the beginning of the calendar year are nearly four times as large as a year ago, and foreign exchange still warrants bringing gold here. A good part of the \$82,000,000 of gold which has been brought here from Europe since last August was drawn from France, and during the week the Bank of France again stopped payments of gold, unless those demanding it would agree that it should not be exported from the country. The working of "bi-metallism" in France has reduced the stock of gold in this Bank to a very low amount, which explains the anxiety of France for an international arrangement to increase the use of silver. The price of silver bullion in London advanced during the week to 52½d. to 52¾d. per ounce. The bullion value here of the "buzzard dollar" at the close of the week was about 87 cents.

The Rev. I. M. Kalloch, who shot and killed Charles De Young nearly a year ago for attempting the same thing on Kalloch senior, has been acquitted amid popular rejoicing. A disagreement of the jury would have caused less surprise, but there do not appear to have been any grounds for expecting conviction. The lawlessness of the two factions involved in this case has been such as betokens a community where the administration of justice is uncertain, the officers of government are corrupt, and public sentiment is content to let "personal difficulties" settle themselves by Corsican methods, without the trouble of hiring a lawyer and going before a court. One of the results of such a state of things is that the courts come to be more and more distrusted as a means of procuring punishment, until the habit of satisfying private vengeance outside of them gets to be a sort of higher law. De Young was on bail (as he had failed to kill his victim), and was to have been tried in the course of ten days, when young Kalloch made sure of a verdict according to his own judgment of the law and the facts, and a death sentence, by taking him off with a pistol. It is now in order for the De Young party to settle their account by a fresh assassination, when another acquittal may be looked for and a fresh "ovation" (Kalloch's friends and parishioners took the horses from his carriage and drew it themselves a distance of three miles). The whole affair has an aspect which we are accustomed to call Southern, though it is pure accident that there is really a Southern element in it, the De Youngs being from Louisiana.

Gen. Grant's departure for Mexico and his resignation of the Presidency of the World's Fair Commission have generally been considered a sign that the bottom has dropped out of that enterprise. It has been

argued that the General would not lightly have taken a step by which his prestige must suffer, but we think it will be found on examination that in all the critical periods of his career he has cared less for prestige than for the attainment of his immediate object. It was so when he gave up the generalship of the Army to become President, and when he consented to run for a third term with the consequences of defeat plainly to be estimated in advance. A man who misconceives his own powers and aptitudes runs the risk of constantly forfeiting his prestige by embarking in undertakings for which he has neither experience nor natural qualification. In the case of the World's Fair General Grant's service was simply that of a figure-head, and it remains to be seen whether his railroad presidency in Mexico will be valuable beyond the use of his name. His place on the Commission has been offered to President Jewett, of the Erie Railroad, who has, however, prudently declined it, having something to lose by mistake of judgment; and since funds, managers, a site, and local enthusiasm are all wanting, it is to be hoped that the end of this ill-considered scheme is not far off.

The confession of Buchanan, the Philadelphia doctor who did a flourishing business in the issue of bogus medical diplomas, shows a curious state of affairs. There seems to be very little protection in most parts of the United States against the humbugging of communities by pretended physicians armed with certificates of graduation from schools which have a charter but no scruples, and often no objective existence. His revelations of the number of such institutions all over the country accustomed to enrich themselves by the nefarious practice of selling diplomas ought certainly to be put in the hands of every State legislator, to the end of convincing them that nothing can kill such enterprises but stringent State action. The practice is by no means common to this country, for, though Buchanan has been concerned in the sale of some 20,000 certificates here, he speaks of 40,000 current abroad; nor is it a new thing; but it is entirely possible for each community to protect itself. Probably one result of these disclosures will be the annulling of the charters of the various institutions mentioned by them, but only a satisfactory medical act in each State can prevent a resumption of so inexpensive and profitable an industry. Buchanan gives incidentally much other information that is interesting, and should be made valuable—viz., the names of many quacks of all varieties from simple humbugs to criminal and dangerous practitioners, and a description of their different modes of following their several trades. In short, his confession lays out considerable work for grand-juries and detectives as well as for courts.

The Gladstone Ministry have been pressed harder on the question of retaining Kandahar than on any other of those bequeathed to them by their predecessors. Everything else acquired in the Afghan war has been given up, it is true; but Kandahar was a sort of outpost by which the abandoned "scientific frontier" could, if need were, be restored on a pinch, and to surrender it would be, the Tories said, to confess defeat to the Afghans, to encourage Russia to come to Herat, and to destroy British prestige in India. Besides all the old arguments with which they defended the invasion, they have brought into play the defeat at Maimund by Ayub Khan, and Skobelev's victory at Gök Tepe, both of which, they maintain, make the retention of Kandahar more imperative than ever. To this the Liberals made answer that the war has already cost \$100,000,000, and has left the finances of India in a condition which makes Kandahar a luxury which the treasury cannot afford; that its retention would cost about \$5,000,000 a year; that in the opinion of the best military authorities it would in British hands be a source not of strength but of weakness; that the readier and more willing the Afghans or Russians may be to give trouble to the British, the more desirable it is that the British should not, by going to meet them, save them any part of the toil and danger of a march through Afghanistan, which will necessarily be as formidable to them as to the British; and, finally, that, the whole of the late war having been a mistake, it is useless to acknowledge it only in part: it must be acknowledged *in toto*. A resolution, moved by Lord Lytton, condemning the evacuation of the place, was carried in the House of Lords a short time ago, by a majority of 89; but the Liberals do not mind what the House of Lords says. Last week Mr. Stanhope introduced a similar resolution into the House

of Commons, and after a long debate it was defeated in a very full house by 336 to 246. This puts an end to the Afghan tragedy, which has cost, all told, probably \$125,000,000, fifty thousand lives, and the desolation of large tracts of country; has sown afresh in Afghanistan the seeds of deadly hatred to the English name, and thrown the Indian finances into confusion. The news of a successful insurrection against Ayub Khan, which will probably enable Abdurrahman Khan to take possession of Herat without much trouble, will do a good deal to justify the Liberal policy.

The wretched war with the Boers has been brought to an end by a display of firmness on the part of Mr. Gladstone such as, it is safe to say, none of his predecessors has ever shown. Sir George Colley, it is now admitted, occupied the fatal hill while terms of peace were under consideration by the Boers. He was led into this rash act, with a small and wholly inadequate force, though heavy reinforcements were on their way to him, probably by a strong and not unnatural desire to retrieve his reputation, which had been seriously damaged in two previous engagements. He perhaps argued that if he succeeded the Boers would be much readier to treat, and that if he failed he would be no worse off than he was. Failure at worst, he doubtless thought, would consist in nothing more than inability to drive the Boers from their position; that they would drive him from his, never, perhaps, entered into his head. As a matter of fact, however, his defeat created a new and formidable obstacle to concluding peace, not because, as many feared would be the case, the Boers raised their demands in consequence of their victory, but because the public in England raised the old cry that peace could not be made after a reverse without the complete submission of the "rebels." The "prestige" of the British army, it was said, would have to be restored and the "honor of the flag" vindicated by a great victory; and then the negotiations might be reopened. In fact, the old arguments which kept George III. from making peace with the American colonists until the surrender at Yorktown were brought out and paraded in many of the leading newspapers. Happily the Government paid no attention to them. They refused to believe that it was necessary to "crush" eight thousand farmers to show that the British Empire was strong. So they again offered the Boers the terms which Sir George Colley had in his pocket when he was killed—viz., autonomy, with British suzerainty and British jurisdiction over all foreign relations, and a commission to settle boundaries, and a complete amnesty for all offences. These terms the Boers accepted, and broke up their camp at Laing's Nek and dispersed to their homes. They have by their short and brilliant resistance made themselves so respectable in the eyes of the English authorities that probably no trouble with them will ever again occur. They will not again be threatened with insolence, as Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley threatened them.

A week ago the ambassadors at Constantinople had apparently given up all hope of adequate concessions from the Porte, which seemed to change its mind every day, and was steady in nothing except in preparations for war. At this writing fresh proposals are reported to have been submitted on behalf of the Sultan which appear to hold out some hope of a settlement. It is said to consist in the offer of substantially the line of the Berlin Conference, without Janina, and the ambassadors are reported to be disposed to advise Greece to accept it. If Greece does accept it, however, it is pretty certain that the arrangement will be but temporary, as Janina is not only Greek, but is considered a Greek capital, and will continue to be, under Turkish rule, a hotbed of intrigue and revolt, in which outbreaks will be planned with the view of provoking another crisis in the relations of Turkey and Greece. The odds against the Greeks from a military point of view appear to have been increased by some sort of reconciliation between the Porte and the Albanians, which will in case of hostilities bring the latter into the field on the Turkish side. The proposal to throw Crete into the scale is no longer mentioned, and it would have been all the more unsatisfactory to Greece, in exchange for the coveted expansion on the mainland, because hopes (or illusions) are still cherished of a final successful insurrection in that island. The state of things there is, in fact, little short of war, and the preliminary killing of Turks and retaliatory killing of Christians have already begun.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW YORK APPOINTMENTS.

THE subordinate appointments made thus far by the new Administration have been exciting a good deal of interest, not unmixed, so far as the friends of reform are concerned, with alarm. It must be remembered, however, that they are neither better nor worse than the President's letter of acceptance and inaugural address led us to expect. The proper time for disappointment with his position towards the public service was last July. The letter of acceptance fell far short of his utterances in Congress and in some addresses and articles on civil-service reform. It was, consequently, a heavy blow to those who were ready to see in him a champion of a new régime, who was to finish without stumbling the work which Mr. Hayes had begun. But it was perfectly plain notice to all the world that he aspired to no such rôle, and did not mean to try for it; that he meant to secure his election, if it could be done, by conciliation and concession, and that after it was secured he would do as well as he could without taking any very strong, much less extreme ground. It is but justice to him to say that he has thus far done, on the whole, better than he promised. The Cabinet is not an ideal one, but is far better than the "Cabinet rumors" of the newspapers led us to expect. To any one who complains that it is not filled with first-rate men, there is the perfectly good answer that, as far as knowledge of public questions and experience of public business go, no President since the younger Adams has been so well prepared to get along with second-rate men as Mr. Garfield. He does not, like Lincoln or Grant or Hayes, need Cabinet officers to teach him, or "keep him straight," on any point whatever. There is not one of the Departments of which he is not himself fully competent to take charge. He would have nothing to learn from any man in public life whom he could possibly put at the head of any one of them. He could, therefore, afford, if we may use the phrase, to be governed in a much greater degree than any of his immediate predecessors by political considerations. He has evidently tried to make the Cabinet a representative body, which, for reasons we gave four weeks ago, it ought not to be, and probably would not be if the President were a less well-equipped man, and determined on any vigorous line of action. He has tried by its composition to disarm as much hostility as possible, to give all the Bosses something to be thankful for, and to satisfy every section of the Republican party that its expectations will be kept in mind in the use made of the patronage.

In the first batch of the subordinate appointments somewhat the same course has been pursued. They have evidently been made with the view of postponing a quarrel with the Bosses as long as possible. Those in New York, of course, attract the largest share of attention. Not only is New York the State which places the largest number of offices at the disposal of the Government, but it is the State in which "the spoils system" has been brought to greatest perfection. The Boss who presides or used to preside over its enormous Custom-house and Post-office is naturally the greatest of all the Bosses, and the most exacting. He needs more "recognition" than any other two Bosses, and has to be twice as much "consulted" as any other one Boss. New York is, therefore, the point at which President Garfield's real attitude towards "the spoils system" will be most thoroughly tested. The Cabinet appointments have by long usage been set aside as the President's *peculiarum*. He is expected to exhibit in them his feelings about various men and things, but no one expects to dictate them to him. Consequently, as long as he keeps within the party lines in making them, his choice is not liable to open or hostile criticism. But when he begins to fill subordinate places he comes at once face to face with a senator or two who claim *condominium*, as the Germans say, with him in disposing of them, and has to say sooner or later how much or how little of this joint ownership he means to recognize. He has apparently reached that point in this State, though he has been slow in reaching it. The selection of Mr. James for the Cabinet was one to which "the senior Senator" could not take exception—first, because, as we have said, the President is by usage left in the matter of Cabinet-making considerable freedom of choice within the party, and, secondly, because Mr. James was not only originally Mr. Conkling's "man" but is now, even after his (from the Machine point of view) most repulsive management of the Post-office, a man whom he

would not venture to disown. The renomination of Mr. Woodford as District-Attorney was apparently a gratifying acknowledgment of the Senator's continued ascendancy, because it was not clouded over by any doubt as to whether Mr. Woodford's retention was not due, as in Mr. James's case, to a desire to keep in the place the man best fitted for it. We do not think we do Mr. Woodford any injustice in saying that he is not considered, either by the bar or the bench, equal to the very onerous duties of the office, and consequently his continuance in it may fairly be considered due wholly to political considerations. This triumph of the senior Senator was, however, shortlived. Mr. Pearson, who was promptly promoted to the postmastership, has been enough of a politician, we believe, to have made it possible for Mr. Conkling to claim him as "his man" if he had been consulted about his promotion. The failure to consult him, and Mr. Pearson's entire acceptability to the civil-service reformers, made it impossible to claim him as a "man," and, of course, made the Senator's relations with the Executive increasingly delicate, so delicate that it is not improbable that in the nomination of Mr. Robertson for the Collectorship of the Custom-house we have reached the critical stage in the dealings of the President with the spoils system.

As Mr. Robertson voted in the State Senate for the election of Mr. Platt to the United States Senate, and as there appeared no reasonable doubt that Platt was then, if he is not now, "Conkling's man," there was a certain plausibility in the story that Mr. Robertson's nomination had Mr. Conkling's approval, if it was not made at his instigation, and was the result of a "bargain" made with the Anti-Machinists during the contest in the State Senate, under which, however, Mr. Robertson was, when put in charge of the Custom-house, to throw aside the rules of appointment and promotion in force during Mr. Hayes's Administration—or the "Schoolmarm drill," as "the workers" call it—and use the office freely, as of old, for the payment of party debts and the maintenance of the party machine. No such theory, however, could apply to the other appointments made simultaneously with Judge Robertson's, and which clearly betray the hand of Mr. Blaine. Meantime, the unlucky Assemblymen at Albany, who thought it less improbable that the President should restore the Custom-house to the Machine than that he should venture to disregard the Boss in determining the control of it, and who hastened to join the other branch in a resolution begging the Senate to confirm Judge Robertson, have with even greater alacrity recalled their approval, and it is no longer a secret that the Boss is in high dudgeon at the trespass on his preserves, and that he will resist the nominations if not withdrawn. The President must, therefore, on the very threshold of his Administration, lay aside all ambiguity and define his exact dependence on the Senators and Representatives whom, in his letter of acceptance, he declared it necessary for a President to consult in making appointments. If he takes the ground that his immediate Constitutional advisers have precedence over Congressmen, he must make it clear that Mr. Blaine was giving advice as a Secretary, and not as the head of a faction which he has no intention of letting dissolve because his seat is in the Cabinet and no longer in the Senate. The only way in which Mr. Garfield can prove this is by pledging his nominee to maintain in the New York Custom-house the system of appointment and promotion which has been in use there for the last four years, the success of which has been amply proved, and the abolition of which would of itself be probably a greater humiliation, considering his past utterances on this subject, than any President has ever voluntarily undergone. He might find some excuse for not setting such a system on foot, but none for undoing the work of his predecessor; nor, degrading as would be the spectacle of the administration of the Custom-house under the spoils system by Mr. Robertson for the benefit of a Boss whom he has for years resisted and defied, is there anything to prefer in its administration for the benefit of a rival Boss.

The situation is at best full of danger and difficulty, but, as we have often pointed out, reformers have nothing to fear from a rupture among the politicians who rule the Republican party, but much from their cordial understanding. The great good that may flow from the present imbroglio is that the President will discover how idle it is to trim to catch every breeze, and that he can preserve his own manliness and win popular support only by defining in unmistakable terms his plans and his motives, so that, whether he succeeds or fails, the country may know

where to look for him and what to think of him. For the present, however much Judge Robertson's nomination may be due to Mr. Blaine's selfishness, and in spite of the wholly unexpected removal of Collector Merritt, we do not yet believe that the President is prepared to make a mockery of the reform sentiment of the country.

THE "FIELD" CODE FOR NEW YORK.

THE Bar Association of this city has appointed a committee to go to Albany for the purpose of opposing the passage of the so-called "Field" Code by the Legislature, and has published a report of another committee, which shows the grounds of its opposition. These are mainly that the new Code would introduce important changes into the existing law, many of which are, to say the least, of doubtful utility, and that it changes the established phraseology of the law and unsettles the meaning of words whose precise signification has been determined by a long course of judicial decision. That these objections, if founded in fact, are serious, no one who has given any attention to the subject will be disposed to deny, and they are objections which admit of easy proof. It requires a very cursory examination of the proposed body of law to see that it introduces at every page alterations in the law, and uses novel terms in the statement of legal principles. That these innovations are of doubtful utility is shown by the fact that there is an active dispute going on about it, the friends of the Field Code insisting that the changes are necessary for the perfection of the legal system of the State, its opponents (embracing at least as many eminent lawyers as have appeared on the other side) warmly insisting that they are not only not necessary but profoundly pernicious. Into the details of this dispute we do not propose to enter, as it involves technical considerations which cannot be properly or thoroughly canvassed in the press. To take part in it requires a special professional preparation—a complete knowledge of the existing law as well as of the effect upon it of the proposed enactment. All that the press can effectively do under such circumstances is to call attention to certain general arguments which bear upon the question of codification, and especially of codification at Albany.

The present condition of things with regard to this proposed Code is unprecedented, so far as we know, in the history of any civilized modern state. The Code has been in existence, in its original or its modified form, for nearly a generation; it has passed one legislature, and been vetoed by the governor of the State; it has already passed to a third reading in the present Assembly; and yet the discussion of its provisions by the Bar Association showed that hardly any members of that body had as yet examined its provisions. There is absolutely no public pressure for its passage, either in the press or out of it, and the belief at Albany among well-informed politicians is that the efficient cause of the present interest in the subject is a bargain or "deal" made a year or two since between the friends of the new Code of Practice and those of the Field Code, by which the latter was to be allowed to pass if the former went through. The bargain having been carried out on one side by the passage of Mr. Throop's Code, it is unfair, so it is said, to oppose any longer the Field Code. Whether any such bargain was ever made we have not the least idea; but there is no doubt that it is believed in by the politicians, and the belief is used as an argument for the passage of the new Code. Everybody knows that with the ordinary politician the shame of "going back on his friends" is the strongest argument that can be possibly addressed to his mind, and there is no reason to suppose that his mind will be affected a whit the less by it because it concerns the vital interests of the administration of justice, instead of involving a police commissionership or a street-cleaning contract.

The most singular feature of the present situation is the hitherto complete apathy of the Bar. If the Bar Association is right in its criticism of the Code, and we have at least as much reason to assume this as to assume the opposite, the proposed *corpus juris* threatens the administration of the law in the chief commercial State of the Union with a temporary chaos. "Whatever may be the theoretical advantages of a general codification of our law," the Bar Association Committee says, "no lawyer will deny that the immediate results, at least, of such a transformation must be disastrous, that the volume as well as the uncertainty

of litigation will be largely increased, and that much valuable time will be expended in judicial efforts to bridge over the gulf between the system under which we have always lived and the one proposed as a substitute." One would suppose that the mere danger of such consequences as these would have long since roused the eager interest of the Bar of a State like New York, and have led to a very general investigation of the proposed changes, and a unanimity of sentiment with regard to them among the profession as a whole. That instead of this the matter should have to be taken up by a private association, however respectable, upon a hurried examination and with imperfect preparation, is as strong a proof as any that has been given of recent years of the indifference of the Bar as a profession to those public interests which are theoretically supposed to be specially in its keeping. It is curious to observe that the newspapers, in noticing the avowed ignorance of the lawyers with regard to the provisions of the Code, seem to think that this is a reason for enacting it, and they have made a good deal of fun out of the Bar Association's opposition to a scheme of law reform the details of which its members do not profess to know. But, strongly as this reflects upon the condition of the Bar, it certainly has nothing to do with the question of codification. If all the lawyers of the State were to profess utter ignorance as to every statute introduced into the Legislature at Albany, this would have no bearing upon the wisdom of the statutes. Another fallacy, which seems to have got an extraordinary currency, is that the lawyers as a body are opposed to codification because it tends to simplify the law, and therefore diminish their business. If there were any truth in this it would be somewhat remarkable that the objections brought forward by lawyers are chiefly that it does not simplify the law, and that the changes introduced will tend to increase litigation. If the objections of the Bar Association to the proposed Code are sound, there can be no doubt that the passage of the Field Code will result in a plentiful harvest of law-suits which will never arise if the law is allowed to remain in its present condition. Probably all lawyers who have been long engaged in practice under any existing system of law are prejudiced against alterations in the system. The Bar is the most conservative of all professions, and all change is distasteful to it; but at this time we do not suppose any lawyer of standing in the United States is short-sighted enough to rest an argument against codification upon the abstract superiority of the common law, or upon the impossibility of improving upon its wisdom. All the old arguments against codification which have come down to us from the time of Bentham and Austin have been rendered obsolete by the discovery, as a practical matter, that legislation may introduce enormous beneficial changes into the body of the law. The law of this State and of England exists half in the form of statutory enactments, and there is no difference between legislating and codifying except the difference between genus and species. It has been over and over again shown—as, for instance, by Sir James Stephen in his "Digest of the Law of Evidence"—that there is no inherent impossibility in stating in a concise form the collected result of a given number of decided cases. The only question as to a code now is, Whether it is a good code, whether the work is well done, whether it does really state the law as it exists, or whether it merely confuses it?

The vitality of error could hardly be better illustrated than in the existence of the belief among the friends of this Code, as shown by newspaper discussions, that its adoption will make the law intelligible and accessible to every man, so that he will be able to provide himself with his own jurisprudence. Apart from the difficulty of providing beforehand for every single case which may arise, the position accorded to precedent in our system of law makes this hope a mere dream. The adoption of a code, like the passage of any other statute, is merely a starting-point for a series of decisions interpreting, defining, and limiting the meaning of its terms, and these decisions become just as much part of the statute as if they were themselves enacted by the legislature. Whether in the course of time any means may be found to prevent this, or to make the letter of the law itself the ultimate test, it is impossible to say; but the probabilities are against it. The Anglo-Saxon respect for precedent has its roots very deeply laid in the character of the race, and, amid all the changes introduced by reforms in English and American jurisprudence within the last fifty years, the binding authority of case-law alone has remained entirely unshaken.

It seems to us that these considerations, general as they are, are amply sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the new Code should not at the present time be made law. It has, as we have said, received no serious consideration from the class which is alone capable of passing an intelligent judgment upon its merits; in fact, the interest of that class has only just been awakened. And much as this fact may reflect upon the apathy of the legal profession, the want of public spirit among lawyers is certainly no reason for making hasty and ill-considered changes in the law. The long period which has elapsed since the original Code was introduced at Albany would undoubtedly furnish an argument for its present passage if the legislature were a different body from what we know it to be. But when we have seen every year, in the recent modifications of existing laws, the grossest incompetency displayed both in the substance and form of legislation, it is a little too much to ask us to assume that the body which annually assembles at Albany is competent to deal intelligently with the whole body of law affecting property and contracts and personal rights in the State. The want of public interest is not a reason for passing the Code, but rather for doing nothing about it, as it furnishes a presumption that the existing law serves well enough the adjustment of the rights and duties of everyday life.

Correspondence.

FEDERAL PATRONAGE AND REPUDIATION IN VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it too late to ask the Republican party, and especially the present Administration, not to weaken the hands and the courage of the Virginians who are trying to save the State from the disgrace of repudiation? The outlook for the State in point of material development has not been so hopeful at any time since the war. The race-troubles, never great, are all settling so amicably that even the *Tribune* correspondent, who has just passed through the State on a tour of inspection, can see little to find fault with. It is known that the decent men of both the Republican and Democratic parties have striven earnestly to effect a settlement of the debt that would be honorable to the State and just to the creditors. It is equally well known that General Mahone has organized the ignorant and unscrupulous of both parties, and led them in a shameful crusade upon the honor and credit of the State. "D—n honor! it won't buy a breakfast," one of their cherished and applauded sentiments, will illustrate, better than anything I can say, the character of this coalition. Does General Garfield propose to strengthen it by giving it the patronage of the State?

As a Bayard Democrat, and a constant reader of the *Nation*, I have been disposed, much oftener than I have had the opportunity, to welcome any liberal tendency in the Democratic party. But to speak of such a thing in connection with General Mahone sounds to me like the baldest sort of a farce. Any one who will take the trouble to enquire, will find that when he was president of the A. M. & O. R. R. it was worth the position of an employee to vote contrary to the general's wishes. He is, I would not say a born leader but a born Boss. Defeated in the Democratic party, he formed his coalition and was finally successful, but the division of parties last November showed him that without the alliance of the Republicans his readjuster faction was a hopeless minority. Hence his present position.

It is of no concern to us what is done with the patronage of the State. We simply ask that it shall not be used to help fix upon us the stigma of repudiation.—Yours truly,

DEBT-PAYER.

POLITICAL HERO-WORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Democracies are said to lack the picturesque element of society; and it must be admitted, I think, that as a people we are not addicted to hero-worship, or, if we are, that our hero-type is meagre, if not crude and commonplace. A few weeks ago, when your interesting article on the "Disappearance of Great Men from Public Life" was under discussion, I had expected that attention would be drawn to the more seated, general decline of which the disappearance of great men is but the final expression. I refer to a decay in the popular ideal of greatness, as shown more especially by the typical President which both parties have sought and chosen during the last forty or fifty years.

It would seem fair to presume that the ideal President, the man whom the people delight to honor, should be pre-eminently a representative American, some rare impersonation of all that is best in our American civilization. And

in accordance with this view our earlier Presidents certainly did present a personal type of which no American had need to be ashamed. Not only were they incorruptible patriots, possessing the sterling traits common to the mass of their countrymen, but they were also distinguishable as statesmen, scholars, and gentlemen, or at least were thought to be so; but since their day it is undeniable that we have had Presidents wanting in one or another, if not all three, of those distinguishing qualifications. Some of them have been mere soldiers, wholly without political experience; others have had no proper training whatever, either civil or military, to say nothing of general culture. And such grave defects, instead of being extenuated, have been openly vaunted as prerequisites for the office, essential in an available or eligible candidate, and what the average voter will insist upon having in the man of his choice.

It is certainly a wonderful result of our political system that a citizen who begins life as an uneducated laborer should at length become President of the United States and receive the homage of his countrymen as their highest ideal of greatness. But, after all, is there any reason why such an exceptional career should be made usual and typical and held up to the admiration of American youth? Are early disadvantages, illiteracy, and coarseness in themselves admirable, virtuous, and heroic? Can they even be included in the richest and purest type of character? Do they specially qualify any one for high office or grave state-emergencies? If we could have as good a President without them, should we lose anything? If we could have something else in their place, more useful and noble, might we not gain a great deal? Other things being equal, given the same essential personal qualities, would it not be better to have those qualities improved by suitable training, and even heightened by all the adventitious aids of fortunate birth and culture? And, in fact, have not both parties been forced to withdraw such great men "unwept, unhonored, and unsung"?

I cannot, therefore, believe that the degradation of our chief type of greatness is directly due to the politicians: they only supply candidates according to the taste of the people. Nor is it wholly due to the levelling tendency of free institutions: it did not prevail in the purer days of the Republic as intensely as at the present time. It is rather due to the enormous increase of the uneducated suffrage, with its consequent popular conceit and intolerance. The sovereign masses would seem no longer willing to allow anything superior to themselves in their chief public servant. They prefer an equal, a plain man of the people, one of themselves, to the most highly-endowed and best-qualified candidate that our statesmanship and civilization can produce; and the cultured few are swept with them in the tide of ignorance and prejudice.

As a remedy for such evils, I once heard a distinguished statesman in private conversation seriously advocate the choosing of a President by lot from the members of the Senate. He maintained that such a method would tend to elevate the personal character of both the executive and the legislative branches of the Government. Each Senator would be carefully chosen by the legislature of his State as a possible President; the President, becoming free of party trammels, could have no other ambition than that of making his own administration pure and renowned; and the country would be spared the national convulsions which every four years bring it seemingly to the verge of ruin.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 23, 1881.

SPECTATOR.

THE STORY OF TROY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussion which has lately been carried on in your columns between the believers and disbelievers in the reality of a siege and sack of Troy by the Greeks, one important argument in favor of the substantial truth of the story has been overlooked. Gladstone states it in his 'Juventus Mundi,' but in such a scattering way as greatly to weaken its force.

It is this: In historic times, as far back as the oldest authentic writers, and as far back as the First Olympiad (776 B.C.), the ruling races of the Greek world were the Ionians (*Iones*, *Iaones*, or *Iavones*) and the Dorians, the former of whom claimed Athens as their metropolis, the latter Sparta and Argos as their chief seats. A third, and somewhat less important, place was held by the Æolic tribe, whose most important city was Thebes. But in the 'Iliad' the *Ia'ores* are mentioned only once, and then as cowards, the Doric tribe never, though possibly once in the 'Odyssey,' 19, 177, in the reference to the *Δωριεες* of Crete, and Thebes is not prominent either. The common name for the Greeks fighting under Agamemnon is *Achai'oi*. Now, it is not to be supposed that the oldest Greek poets, the authors of the so-called Homeric poems (if there was not one Homer), were antiquarians. If, in their own time, the Achæans had sunk to the low estate which they occupied ever after the Doric conquest of the Peloponnesus, and if Athens and Sparta—Ionians and Dorians—had already been the rulers of Greece, and formed the bulk of its fighting manhood, the simple-minded singers of the Homeric rhapsodies would not out of their historic

learning have recurred steadily to the half-forgotten and despised Achæic tribe, and belittled the ruling tribes of their own day. If the legend of a siege of Troy had arisen when the Ionic cities, such as Miletus and Smyrna, were fighting for their existence with the Asiatic natives, and had then been cast in poetic garb, as an encouragement and incentive to deeds of gallantry worthy of the ancestors who had in bygone ages conquered Asia, the supposed ancestors of the Ionian colonists (that is, the Athenians) must have played a greater figure in the war of Troy than that which the 'Iliad' assigns them. But the Attic contingent is hardly ever mentioned in the many battles in the Scaean plain.

It follows, at least to my mind, that the story of the Trojan war is very old, older than the Doric conquest of the Peloponnesus, older than the settlement of the Ionic colonies near the Troad, that it is nearly as old as the times which it professes to commemorate, and that for this reason, if for no other, it must be substantially true.

L. N. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 13, 1881.

THE BACONIAN THEORY OF SHAKSPERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a learned review the *North American* seems to admit a good deal of loose writing into its pages. In the February issue of this year, in an article entitled "Did William Shakespeare write Lord Bacon's Works?" is the following passage:

"This theory was first publicly maintained by Miss Delia Bacon in 1857. It had been before, in 1856, asserted by an Englishman—William Henry Smith—but only in a thin volume printed for private circulation" (p. 162).

Now, if the writer of that article had taken the trouble to consult a library he would have found that Miss Bacon's paper appeared in *Putnam's Monthly* for January, 1856, and consequently must have been written in 1855; that Mr. William Henry Smith's "Letter to Lord Ellesmere" (the "thin volume printed for private circulation") was dated August, 1856; that Miss Bacon's book was published in London in 1857, and in the preface, written by Hawthorne, was contained the first and only charge ever made that Mr. Smith had appropriated Miss Bacon's theory—a charge which Mr. Smith repelled by claiming that at the time he wrote his "Letter to Lord Ellesmere" he had never seen Miss Bacon's paper in *Putnam's*; that this is all Mr. Smith himself ever claimed—see his own book, 'Bacon and Shakespeare' (London: John Russell Smith. 1857. Preface).

So, again, if the writer had opened Judge Holmes's 'The Authorship of Shakespeare,' the third edition of which has appeared within only five years, he would never have made the assertion that the Baconian theory is founded on the parallelisms of expression in Bacon and Shakspeare, and on the improbability of Shakspeare's having the requisite knowledge and learning to write the plays, etc. (p. 164). It is strange, too, for this writer speaks of Judge Holmes's book in high terms, although he can never have opened it.

HENRY L. FRAZER.

34 WEST NINETEENTH STREET, March, 1881.

Notes.

A FRESH issue, from the stereotype plates, of Michaud's standard work, 'The History of the Crusades,' has been made in three volumes by A. C. Armstrong & Son, at a low price. The cloth binding is simple and tasteful.—A certain number of our readers, to whom German is more familiar than English, may be glad to know of a German translation of Vincent and Dickson's 'Handbook to Modern Greek' noticed in No. 776 of the *Nation*. This has been made by the eminent lexicographer, Professor Dr. Daniel Sanders, who, to the grammar portion, has added numerous examples drawn from the works of the Messrs. Rangabé ('A Greek Officer's Recollections of the Franco-German War of 1870-71,' and a version of Lessing's 'Nathan the Wise'). The publishers are Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig.—Parts 7 and 8 of Ebers's fascinating work on 'Egypt' (New York: Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co.) conclude the story of Memphis and the Pyramids, and begin the description of Cairo and its vicinity. The illustrations continue to be numerous and beautiful. The same publishers have brought out for the actual (fifty-sixth) exhibition of the National Academy of Design "American Academy Notes," a selection, with illustrations, from the principal pictures or from some of them. The "Notes," for which Mr. Charles M. Kurtz is responsible, are doubtless not critical, as is alleged, but it would be idle to say they express no judgment.—Pollard & Moss, 47 John Street, have begun the publication of Thackeray's works in a uniform imperial octavo edition of some pretentiousness, the first volume of which contains 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Four Georges,' 'English Humorists,' 'Catherine,' and 'The Ravenswing.' The illustrations include Thackeray's own.—Professor T. F. Crane has in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April a review of Harris's 'Uncle

Remus,' which gives the best conspectus yet printed of the animal fables, of various lands and tongues, which find their counterpart at the South. Prof. Crane favors the view that the latter, as well as those current among the Indians of South America, are of African origin.—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's early tales, the "Amber Gods" and "Azarian," are to be republished in the Leisure-Hour Series of Henry Holt & Co.—We are informed that a homœopathic medical department has been in operation for three years at the Iowa State University, and that its dean has been twice called to fill the chair of *Materia Medica* at Ann Arbor.—The Minnesota Historical Society, which was lodged in the State capitol, was involved in the loss attendant upon the burning of that building on March 1. Happily the principal collections were saved, and the insurance will make good nearly all that was destroyed.—An exhibition of American etchings will be held by the trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on April 11-May 9. The curator will receive contributions (limited to ten individually) up to April 6.—The text of the *American Art Review* for March is mainly devoted to current reviews, though there are also articles on the Indian painter, Carl Wimar, and the discoveries at Pergamus. Of the illustrations an etching by a pupil of Unger's, from a picture by Van Goyen, though without any brilliancy as etching, fairly interprets that painter's charm of clear aerial effects and far-away distance.—According to the *Athenæum*, the well-known publisher, Mr. H. G. Bohn, contemplates an autobiography, with the aid of letters received by him from notable persons during his long life.—In the *Cornhill* for March is an interesting paper by Mr. E. W. Gosse on "Sir George Etheredge, a neglected chapter of English Literature." Hitherto Etheredge has been the most shadowy of all the Restoration dramatists, and seemingly of the least importance. Mr. Gosse has got together a mass of material which puts a new face on the matter. Besides correcting the current account of Etheredge's career, he is able to show that Etheredge's first play, the "Comical Revenge," was originally printed in 1664, and that he was therefore the first English dramatist to forsake the comedy of Ben Jonson (with its wearisome "humors") and to take for his model the fresh and frank comedy of Molière. Thus, as Mr. Gosse says, "Etheredge virtually founded English comedy as it was successively understood by Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan."—Mr. Blades's little vellum-paper covered volume on the "Enemies of Books" (London: Trübner; New York: Scribner & Welford) has already passed to a third edition, while the substance of it has been translated into French for successive numbers of *Le Livre*. He considers the enemies of books under the heads of fire, water, gas and heat, dust and neglect, ignorance, the book-worm and other vermin, bookbinders and collectors. Among his illustrations is a two-page woodburytype of a Caxton eaten abundantly by book-worms.—There is yet time to import before the Harvard performance, which promises to be very impressive, 'La Légende d'Édipe étudiée dans l'Antiquité, au Moyen-Âge, et dans les temps modernes, en particulier dans le Roman de Thèbes,' by L. Constans (Paris: Maisonneuve), a review of which will be found in No. 166 of the *Rassegna Settimanale*.—From the publisher, F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig, we have received the first three *Lieferungen* of Norden-skjöld's 'Die Umseglung Asiens und Europas auf der *Vega*, 1878-1880,' the authorized German edition of the navigator's own work, now being published in several languages. It will be completed in about twenty *Lieferungen* (two volumes), at one mark each, and will contain a detailed account of the whole voyage, including descriptions of the elaborate preparations and an historical review of the most important voyages of discovery along the northern shores of the Old World which have been undertaken by the different countries. To this will be added descriptions of arctic scenery, climate, animal and plant life, and of the polar races, the whole illustrated by a large number of woodcuts and maps.

—Mr. Spofford's 'American Almanac' for 1881 (New York: American News Co.) presents its usual store of industrial, commercial, financial, and political statistics, including the results of the census of 1880. Its helpfulness is known to all who have ever resorted to it for information. The addition of select indexes to the previous volumes, referring to tables, etc., not repeated or brought down to date in the current volume, would cost but little, and would enhance considerably the value of the series. We must express our surprise at a note on p. 70 with regard to the refunding of the public debt at 4 per cent. After speaking in an obscure way of the real advantage of the change from 6 to 4 per cent., namely, the saving of interest to taxpayers, the note continues thus:

"But the other great advantage of refunding is, that nearly the whole debt will be changed from securities held abroad to a loan held and owned by the people of the United States. The calling in of the 6 per cent. bonds, the high rate of interest on which, and the security, caused them to be sought for in Europe, saves the annual drain of specie to pay the interest. This has already reversed the balance of exchanges in the precious metals, the United States becoming an importer of gold and silver instead of an exporter. The interest on the debt stays at home, fructifying all the channels of our national commerce and industry."

The insertion of such a fundamentally absurd statement in a careful com-

pilation of statistics is a greater proof of wide-spread ignorance of finance than the late debates in Congress on the bill for refunding the public debt at 3 per cent., or even than the resolutions of Mr. Voorhees in censure of the national banks. According to this note, the transfer of native capital to national but unproductive securities is in itself a benefit, whether the transfer be from other unproductive securities or from productive business; and, further, an undeveloped country like this is in a peculiarly healthful state if its capitalists are glad to invest at 4 per cent.

—We have received a number of communications relative to the derivation and widespread use of the word "blizzard," as follows. The first is from Baltimore:

"The statement made by you on page 184, that the word *blizzard* was in use over fifty years ago in a sense different from that now sought to be affixed to the word, leads me to suppose that its etymology may be traced by some one having the leisure. In this locality and the adjoining counties, it is a surname of a numerous family, and our land records will show, I think, numerous transfers to and from the name, probably dating back over a century. In a sketch of one of the name, born in 1832, in the 'Biographical Cyclopædia of Maryland,' it is stated that the father was born in this locality in 1801, and that the grandfather, Isaiah Blizzard, who lived here long before that time, was of French Huguenot descent."

The next is from New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pennsylvania, and confirms in part our Maine correspondent of last week:

"I agree with you that the etymology of the word 'blizzard' must be sought elsewhere than in the *patois* of the French-Canadian voyageurs. There has been an extensive use of the word in Pennsylvania for many years, as witness the following: (1) *A drink of any intoxicant, generally applied to whiskey.* Synonymous with the slang 'a slug,' 'a smile,' 'a jigger,' 'a bumper.' Example: 'Let's take a blizzard.' The word has been used in this sense for upwards of sixty years. (2) *Let it be done.* A companion phrase with 'Let her rip,' 'Let her fly.' Example: A creditor threatens to bring suit against a debtor who believes he has a defence to the claim, and replies, 'Let her blizzard; I owe you nothing.' Used for upwards of thirty years, certainly. (3) *To shoot; generally applied to shot-gun.* Example: 'I raised my gun and let blizzard.' Used for like period as last. (4) *A sudden or unexpected storm.* This use was in existence as early as 1836 in this part of the State. Charcoal-burners, watching their pits, would fear a blizzard. The word in (1), (2), and (3) sense is still in use. In the (4) it has died out for many years. It was introduced here with charcoal-furnaces about the date above mentioned."

"E. T. H." writes from Iowa City:

"One of our 'old settlers' tells me that in the winter of 1839-1840 he drove from Iowa City to Dubuque. Eighteen miles of the road lay due north. The wind was N.W., driving the snow in their faces. He could not see the horses. He held with outstretched hands a buffalo robe so as to make a screen to shield the face of the driver. He says that storm was called a 'blizzard' at that time, as were similar storms."

And "S. M. C.," from Keokuk, Iowa:

"For nearly forty years I have heard the word 'blizzard' quite commonly used in this part of the West, as by Crockett in your note in No. 820. It has never meant 'a poser' in this Western use, as defined by Bartlett, but some such tremendous discharge as the old-fashioned American musket made. I do not know, but I believe the word meant, in the West, a discharge by the enormous old 'Revolutionary' and '1812' musket, and in time came to be applied to our sweeping Western storms of mingled snow and hail, with the accompanying driving wind."

—Two of the most sumptuous of the French holiday books were written by the vivacious Arsène Houssaye. The first is 'Molière, sa Femme et sa Fille' (Paris: Dentu; New York: J. W. Bouton), a superb atlas folio of nearly two hundred pages, with the amplest margins, rough edges, Dutch paper, rubricated titles, clean and clear typography, and lavish pictorial adornment. The other is 'La Comédie-Française, 1680-1880' (Paris: Ludovic Baschet; New York: J. W. Bouton), another atlas folio of corresponding size, although a little less elaborate in type and paper. Chief among the illustrations of the latter are thirty-two full-page photogravures by the Goupil process. Twenty-eight of these are portraits in costume from life, each plate measuring twelve inches by ten. The other four comprise a portrait of Samson, the teacher of Rachel; a reproduction of the fine portrait of Molière painted by his friend Mignard, and owned by the Comédie-Française, and copies of the two groups of the Associates of the Comédie-Française painted by the actor Geoffroy, in 1841 and in 1863-4, in the first of which Mlle. Mars and Rachel are the central figures, and in the second, Mme. Arnould-Plessy and Mlle. Favart—each group being provided with an outline key to the persons in the picture. The twenty-eight full-length portraits of the living Associates are of varying value; that of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt in 'L'Étrangère' is admirable; that of M. Coquelin shows him in the revolutionary costume of the young hero of "Jean Dacier." Besides these photogravures there are, scattered through the text, some two score other illustrations reproduced by process from old maps, plans, and engravings, full-page portraits of Mlle. Mars, of Mlle. Clairon, of Baron Molière's favorite pupil, and of Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, and so on. The tail-piece at the end of the book is

a view of the interior of the Théâtre-Français in 1822, and the vignette at the beginning shows four views of the theatre as it is now, inside and out. The embellishment of the volume on Molière is even more elaborate. Besides eighteen "process" illustrations, mostly portraits of Molière and scenes from his plays, and nine steel engravings, there are no fewer than forty-two etchings of all sorts and sizes, good, bad, and indifferent; some printed in the text as vignettes, others printed two and three on a page, and others again taking up a whole page. One is by M. Houssaye himself; another is by M. Flameng; most are by M. Hanriot. Perhaps the best is the full-page etching which serves as a frontispiece, and which reproduces the group of all the chief characters of Molière's plays, painted by M. Geoffroy for the Comédie-Française.

—The literary merit of these books is far inferior to the decorative. One of the disadvantages of the French system of personal journalism is its tendency to treat everything gingerly, and this tendency must be held responsible for the circumstance that M. Houssaye's 'Molière, sa Femme et sa Fille,' has not been picked to pieces by the competent French critics. Even the *Moliériste* has handled him very gently. The fact is that his book is trashy in substance and tawdry in style. It swarms with blunders and contradictions. M. Houssaye's method of biography is a cheerful compound of the cock-sure and the happy-go-lucky. He hazards a suggestion in one chapter, repeats it in another, asserts it without qualification in a third, and in a fourth argues from it as though it were an incontrovertible fact. Thus, the impression in red wax on the back of the bastard title, just beneath the number printed on each of the five hundred copies to which the issue of the book is limited, is here boldly announced as the seal of Molière. But at the end of the volume we find that this seal is "said to have been Gascendi's, but why should not Molière have kept this memento of his master?" The same facility of fragile conjecture disfigures the book on the Comédie-Française, but it has not run riot to anything like the same extent; and as this is the only sketch which traces at length and with fulness the career of the theatre from its origin to its recent bi-centenary, it may serve in default of a better.

—Every help to a better understanding of an eminent writer is acceptable, and in this general spirit of good-will we can commend Stigand's 'Life, Works, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine' (J. W. Bouton) without committing ourselves unreservedly to the author's guidance. Mr. Stigand's reading is more extensive and sympathetic than accurate. No one, surely, can estimate Heine who is not equally familiar with French and German ways, and ready to do them justice. The gravest objection that we have to the author is that his liking for France is excessive. We have not the space nor the desire to correct one by one his misrepresentations of German politics and German life. When Heine himself lets loose his arrows against Prussian bureaucracy and Teutonic Philistinism, we admire his poetic grace and inexhaustible wit; but such attacks from Mr. Stigand are too often mere abuse, as unreasoning as it is out of place. Besides, we strongly suspect that he is not perfectly strong either in the French or the German language. Some of the blunders that disfigure the work may be laid upon that universal scape-goat, the proof-reader, but many of them the author himself must shoulder. Thus, we can scarcely imagine a good German scholar rendering Heine's sneer, *Anweisungen auf den Himmel*, by "assignments to heaven." It means "drafts on heaven." There is less of critical acumen in these two volumes than in the short but incisive article by Charles Grant in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1880. The chief value of the present work, in our eyes, lies in its broad, rich background. The poet was the sad-at-heart jester of the world's fair; and if Mr. Stigand has not quite drawn the jester, he has at least made a very good sketch of the fair.

—'Englische Philologie' is the title of an introduction to the study of the English language by Professor Johan Storm, of the University of Christiania, edited from the original by the author for the use of German students (Heilbronn: Gebr. Henninger). The first part of the work refers almost entirely to the language as it now exists, "die lebende Sprache," including the Shaksperian era, and that heart-stirring English used by the early translators of the Vulgate. Freeing himself from the trammels of philology, pure and simple, with a view to render the study more palatable to his readers, Professor Storm quotes largely from English and American authors, more especially from the grammars or dictionaries which have lately appeared. Phonological students are furnished with extracts from works bearing mostly on their special branch, and orthoëpists likewise will find much valuable information, copious extracts being taken from Mr. Henry Sweet's 'Handbook of Phonetics.' Useful as the 'Englische Philologie' must of necessity be to German or Norwegian students, we cannot help thinking that too much importance has been attached to "Slang" and "Americanisms." These do not deserve the prominence given them, and we should pity any student at the University of Christiania who might be compelled to render the sense of a joke levelled by *Punch* at a cockney cabby or "Arry." From the opening sentences of the chapter on "Americanisms" we infer that the professor has never visited this country.

"The relation of the American language to English is in a certain degree that of Norwegian to Danish. No Norwegian can or will write pure Danish." This statement is rather startling, and we may safely aver does not convey the exact meaning which is intended, nor does the sentence immediately following tend to help in the elucidation of so bold an assertion. "Das Ideal ist noch immer das reine Englisch, aber nur wenige Puristen sprechen diese Sprache." The study of Schele de Vere's 'Americanisms' has, however, evidently had much to do with Professor Storm's erroneous opinion, and we advise him to consider this untrustworthy production in the light of a "Slang Dictionary," referring him to Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and other classical authors for a better appreciation of the so-called American language. This work deserves on the whole a high rank among the philological studies which have lately appeared, the author having approached his subject with due regard for its importance, and with an interest which testifies to his capacity for carrying out his undertaking.

—The pass to which foreigners may be led by mistaking so-called Americanisms for the normal and habitual speech of the country is well shown in the following edifying paragraph from Karl Faulmann's 'Illustrirte Cultur-Geschichte,' vol. i. p. 184, as furnished us by a correspondent in Baltimore. The column headed "Amerikanisch" is given in all earnestness as a specimen of the English spoken in America, while opposite is placed what the author considers the correct English equivalent. The italics are ours:

Amerikanisch.

I haf von funny leedle boy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue,
As ef'er you dit see;
He runs and schumps and schmasches dings
In all harts of der hause—
But vot off dot? he vas my son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

Englisch.

I have one funny little boy
What games just to my knee,
The queerest shape, the greatest rogue,
As ever you did see;
He runs and jumps and smashes things
In all parts of the house,
But what of that? he was my son,
My little Jacob Strauss.

—The story of the Wandering Jew is generally supposed to be a mediæval legend as widespread as other myths of that period. That it is later than the Reformation, of Protestant origin, and restricted to Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, and France, has been very clearly shown by Gaston Paris in a recent monograph, 'Le Juif Errant' (Paris, 1880). The sources of the later legend are to be found in a story given by Matthew Paris, and in an Italian legend of the second half of the sixteenth century. The former ('Historia major Anglorum,' London, 1571, p. 470) relates that in 1228 an Armenian archbishop came to England, and, among other wonders which he told of his country, spoke of "that Joseph who was present at the Lord's Passion, spoke to him, and still lives to testify to the truth of our faith." The archbishop asserted that he knew this Joseph, who had eaten at his table just before his departure, and whose story was as follows: At the time of Christ's condemnation he was Pontius Pilate's porter. When Christ left the prætorium the porter, then called Cartaphilus, struck him in the back and urged him on. Jesus answered: "I go, but thou shalt wait until I come." Cartaphilus was at that time about thirty, and lived on until he reached a hundred, then became ill and fell into a sort of trance, and when he recovered was of the same age as when he saw Christ. This process was repeated whenever he reached the age of one hundred. The archbishop went to Cologne and there retold his story, which we find in the rhymed 'Chronique' of Philippe Mousket, who wrote at Tournay about 1243. The other legend, probably of Italian origin, relates how a Jew named Malchus gave Jesus a blow with an iron gauntlet. He was condemned to live in an underground abode, always walking around a column, against which he dashes his head but cannot kill himself, for he is doomed to suffer until the Last Judgment. The Wandering Jew as we know him first appears in a work dated August 1, 1613, written by a certain Duduleus, of Westphalia, who, however, puts his story into the mouth of Paul von Eitzen, a friend of Melanchthon, and who died in 1598. Gaston Paris considers the story of Cartaphilus a transition, or, rather, a compromise between the legend of St. John's immortality and the story of the punishment of Malchus. The writer has presented very clearly and briefly (20 pp.) the sources and development of the legend, one of the motives of which he deems the desire of opposing to "tradition," of which the Catholics boasted, a much more authentic testimony, that of a contemporary of Christ. As a supplement to this monograph the student should consult a review by Professor A. D'Ancona in the *Nuova Antologia*, October, 1880 ("La Leggenda dell'Ebreo Errante"). D'Ancona proves the Italian origin of the legend of Malchus, and shows that, although the story of the Wandering Jew is known in Italy, it has never been popular there.

—The Berlin *Gegenwart* of March 5 announces Julius W. Braun's forthcoming collection of contemporaneous newspaper criticism of the works of Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing ('Schiller, Goethe, und Lessing beurtheilt von ihren Zeitgenossen, Kritiken über sie aus den Jahren 1746–1833'), the latest result of that assiduity which indefatigably adds to the already vast store of material for the proper study of Germany's great literary triumvirate. The *Gegenwart* publishes as a specimen a review of Schiller's 'Kabale und Liebe' from the *Tagebuch der Mainzer Schaubühne* of 1788, which will awaken a desire to hear more of these voices of the past. It is an excellent piece of

criticism, not unworthy of the famous *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, whose influence it clearly betrays; and it is somewhat surprising to see so good a literary judge as the editor of the *Gegenwart* introducing it simply with the remark that this critique "may be reckoned among the more lenient ones." But as the entire collection is pronounced full of instruction and "consolation" for living writers, it is plain that this is not the judgment of the critic, but rather of the author, Lindau, whose latest dramas, notably the "Verschämte Arbeit," were rather severely dealt with by the press. The same number contains an instalment of Professor von Holtzendorff's admirable "Political and Unpolitical Notes" (*Politische und unpolitische Zeitglossen*), which from time to time appear in the *Gegenwart*.

—The public sanitary arrangements in ancient Rome form the subject of No. 357 of Virchow and Holtzendorff's "Gemeinverständliche wissenschaftliche Vorträge" (by Dr. J. Uffelmann). It is instructive to see facts, even if not new ones, thus grouped. The sanitary arrangements of Rome were not placed under a single department of administration, as is the case in modern times; but attention was given—in most cases efficiently—to the water-supply, drainage and sewerage, public baths and parks, inspection of food, regulation of building, paving, public latrines, the medical treatment of the poor (not until the middle of the second century A.D.), burial, and the enrolment of prostitutes. We miss from the list certain things, as a system of abattoirs, water-closets, disinfection, the prevention of contagious disease, registration in its modern sense, school-hygiene, government inspection of manufactories, limitation of hours of labor—but the mere mention of these may serve to remind us how very recent and imperfect our own additions to the Roman system are. The almost entire absence of humane charities forms the point of most striking contrast between the old and the new system. Yet in one respect at least (see the *Nation*, No. 818) the advantage was on the side of the ancients; and we may well remind ourselves at this time that Rome was supplied not by one but by fourteen aqueducts, which delivered, towards the close of the first century A.D., 750 litres per day and head, or about 200 gallons of water.

—Our literature of proverbs has just been enriched by a very acceptable addition, viz., 'A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases,' by Alexander Nicolson, M.A., LL.D. (Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart, 1881). The work is based upon a much earlier collection, published by MacIntosh in 1785. After MacIntosh's death a second edition was brought out by Alexander Campbell, in 1819. But Campbell's additions and corrections were anything but improvements. The present is practically a new work; it not only contains three times as many proverbs, but it bears throughout evidences of great care and of enlightened scholarship. It is the first really adequate compilation in Gaelic. It is also more complete than any one, to our knowledge, in Breton. The English translation of each proverb is given under the Gaelic, and many proverbs are illustrated by references to kindred ones in other languages. The general features of Gaelic proverbs are summed up succinctly in the preface. Four thousand proverbs and sayings are treated in four hundred pages, and the appendix embodies some very interesting remarks on Highland beliefs and personages, with a sketch of MacIntosh's life. Many of the proverbs, of course, are old friends in a Highland garb. But some of them are quite novel; they reflect the peculiar Celtic way of looking at things. Every now and then a perfect jewel turns up. Thus, one might look long and vainly for a proverb more suggestive than this: "Choose your wife as you wish your children to be." Our only objection to the work is its arrangement in alphabetical order by the initial Gaelic words. Such an arrangement would scarcely be happy in any language, but least of all in one like the Gaelic, which is so apt to begin a proposition with the verb "to be." We count in the present work 84 pages of proverbs beginning with *is* (=Latin *est*). The reader has only to imagine a collection of French proverbs in *C'est*. Dr. Nicolson, we think, would have facilitated materially the use of his book by grouping his proverbs in the body of the text as he has done in the preface. But as it is, we congratulate him sincerely upon his good work.

—Dr. Anthony van der Linde is a native of Holland whose scholarly researches into the invention of the art of printing and victorious refutation of the bogus claims of L. Coster, of Haarlem, against Gutenberg mark an epoch in the literature of that great event. Other competent authors, like Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne, of New York, have profited by the results at which Dr. van der Linde arrived, and have cheerfully borne testimony to his indefatigable industry, his acute perception, and the correctness of his conclusions. His countrymen, however, considering these conclusions a "crimen læsæ," drove him to Germany, where the Prussian Government appointed him chief librarian in Wiesbaden. In the quiet retirement of his present office he has fallen back upon his first love, and in addition to his former works on the game of chess, 'History and Literature of the Game of Chess,' two vols., and 'The Game of Chess in the Sixteenth Century' (Berlin: Springer, 1874), he has just published 'The First Millennium of the Literature of the Game of Chess from 350 to 1880,'

and 'Studies from the Original Sources relating to the History of the Game of Chess' (New York: Westermann). As this noble game is not confined to a single nation, but belongs to the thinking people of the whole world, a short synopsis of Van der Linde's new works will certainly be welcome to our readers. The first of the last-mentioned books, for the period named, contains in 3,362 numbers the titles of all works and periodicals on the "royal game," published in all countries, including Chinese and Japanese, and even Hebrew. It is a catalogue of which no other branch of literature can boast, and is indispensable to any student of the development of chess. The second work, the publication of which was promoted by the Royal Academy of Berlin, is, in spite of its acknowledged scientific importance, of a more general interest, and forms a most important contribution to the history of civilization in general, particularly in respect to the dissemination of Arabic culture during the Middle Ages. The Arabic authorities are given in the original, and also as translated by scientific men like Dozy, Gies, Gildemeister, Sachau, and Schröder, etc.; and thus for the first time have been made accessible the works of such classic authors on the game of chess as Aladli, Alcûli, Allajlaj, etc. A history of Japanese chess-playing, drawn from original and hitherto unknown sources, was expressly written for this book by the late Professor Hofmann, of Leyden. Besides the Spanish work of King Alfonso X. (1283), the Latin work of Bonus Socius, an Anglo-Norman codex taken from the British Museum, etc., are fully published with German translations. In all, about fifty oriental and occidental documents, the very names of which have been hitherto partly unknown, have been thoroughly sifted. The part treating especially of chess-playing is illustrated by more than six hundred diagrams, with perfectly new chess problems expressly prepared for this book, with which there are very few German publications that can compete in the taste and elegance displayed in its manufacture.

LIFE OF LORD CAMPBELL.—I.*

LORD CAMPBELL was born in 1779, the son of a Scotch minister whose yearly stipend did not exceed £80. He died in 1861 a wealthy man and Lord Chancellor of England. Before he attained the highest object of legal ambition he had been successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Chancellor of Ireland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Chief-Justice of England. In spite of constant professional labor, he found time to produce books which entitle him to a fair second-class in the ranks of literature. He was, in short, the most successful man of his day. His success was exactly of that kind to which thousands of poor, raw, and able Scotch students aspire. Hundreds of them have tried, and hundreds more will try, to follow the steps of Campbell. His career has exerted and will exert an immense influence on one of the most vigorous portions of British society. It becomes, therefore, a matter of something more than mere personal curiosity to ascertain by what means his miraculous success was achieved, and what manner of man this "prize Scotchman," if one may so call him, really was. His life, which is, in fact, an autobiography, gives all the information that intelligent readers require. A study of its pages tells every critic who knows how to read between the lines why Campbell succeeded and what was the price of his success.

John, Lord Campbell—plain John, as he once ill-advisedly dubbed himself—was not a man of rare or out-of-the-way talents. Of imagination, of originality of genius, of any one of the splendid gifts which made and which also marred the fortunes of Erskine, of Lyndhurst, or of Brougham, plain John had nothing. But he was endowed by fortune with powers which, if not exceptional in kind, were exceptional in degree, and are far more useful in the battle of life than is any kind of genius or originality. He might aptly be described as a Scotchman of Scotchmen, who possessed in an extraordinary degree all those useful virtues, and one must fairly add useful vices, which are to be found in all the pushing, respectable, prosperous sons of North Britain who have risen high in every department of public or private business throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. Whenever the inhabitants of Coketown, as Charles Dickens tells us, spoke of manly independence crowned by honest success, it was tacitly understood that they referred to Mr. Bounderby. Whenever Scotch speakers or preachers urge on their audience the well-worn but never-exhausted theme of Scotch manliness and the success with which it is rewarded, one may, we suspect, in nine cases out of ten, understand that they have in their eye Lord Campbell and men like unto him. Whatever may be said against him, it must fairly be admitted that his success was in one point of view thoroughly deserved. He intended to get on; he had the powers required by a man who intends to get on; he used these powers to their very utmost, and his honors were the appropriate reward of applying the right means to the attainment of a definite end. The very basis of his character was energy, strength, and self-reliance. The child of nine years old, who walked twelve miles and more to see Mel-

rose, was only the father of the man who, half-lame with fatigue, dragged himself by sheer force of will over twenty or thirty miles of road rather than be foiled in the object of getting a sight of Brighton.

He possessed, moreover, a quality in which many energetic and pushing men are deficient. It is a little difficult to know by what name the quality we have in our minds should be termed. We are inclined to call it veracity of the lowest type. That Campbell was never a specially truthful man, that he constantly tried to humbug others, and that he not unfrequently humbugged himself, is obvious in every page of his biography. He seems occasionally to have thought or said that he suffered from diffidence. We have, therefore, the full measure of his lack either of insight or of honesty. But, for all this, he was a man who, in a narrow way, could see the truth when it concerned him to do so. He was, he himself almost admits, conceited; he had a high, though not an undeserved, opinion of his own powers; but it is observable that in the main he knew what his powers really were. He knew he was not eloquent, he knew that he was not suited to shine in society; but he also knew that a hard head, a strong body, cool feelings, and an infinite capacity for work almost ensured his success at the bar, and on this conviction he had from his youth up the manliness and the good sense to act. He avoided the church, though his father longed to see him a minister. He avoided society, though his brother urged him to become a man of fashion. He liked enjoyment well enough (especially when not too expensive), he was even not averse to a good "booze"; but he knew that his path to success lay through Tidd's office and the law-courts, and to the pleader's chambers and the courts he clung with all the tenacity of his nature. Once, indeed, he set himself with laborious method to learn to dance, and daily through the long vacation sneaked to some cheap academy in terror lest he should meet his clerk or a client. For once Campbell was absurd, but we must in justice remember that he either was in love, or, to speak more accurately, had made up his mind that it was time for him to fall in love. Even special pleaders are men, and must be allowed to share human weaknesses.

Energy and the capacity of looking facts in the face were combined in Campbell's case with another Scotch trait which gives the one touch of loveliness to his character. Of his affection for his father and his brother, indeed for all those closely connected with him by ties of family or relationship, there cannot be the least doubt. The life-long correspondence with the old minister in Scotland and with his brother in India has in it something which in any case is touching, and might but for one circumstance be termed pathetic. The correspondence, further, is merely the outward sign of the constant care and affection of the Campbell family for each other. That an Indian surgeon, himself a mere youth, should, starting with nothing, have in twenty years earned a fortune, is a circumstance which excites some speculations as to the conditions of Anglo-Indian society at the beginning of the century. But that this struggling surgeon should have with lavish liberality supported his younger brother in London during the earlier stages of his legal career, is a trait as noble as we fear it is rare in any country out Scotland. When the causes of Scotch success are analyzed, it would be as unjust as it would be foolish to leave out of account the prodigious effects produced by the vigor and endurance of family sentiment.

The affection which bound the Campbell family together would, as we have said, be simply pathetic and admirable but for one circumstance. The fact which checks one's admiration is that the Campbells formed a joint-stock company for the promotion of family success. It was a company of limited means but of unlimited ambition. One of plain John's earliest recollections was that his father pointed out to him the motto of Diomedes, which both to parent and son conveyed the one lesson that to "push to the front" was the one aim of life. His brother writes to him from India to "push on," and the lesson, whether in Greek or in English, was thoroughly burnt into Campbell's soul. "To push and again to push, and endlessly to push," was to this typical Scotchman and to his relatives the one guide of life. Campbell's family affection is, as has been pointed out, past a doubt, yet it mingles oddly enough, and all but becomes identified, with the passion for success. When not, if we remember right, twenty, he receives a seal from his sisters. Over this seal he is prepared to drop tears of "fraternal affection." But the seal calls to his mind the more important "seals" which he may hope to gain later in life. His very attachment to his father is colored by his ruling passion. "I really think," he writes, "that in a situation where there was any stimulus to ambition our father would have made a very great figure. Considering where and with whom he has lived it is quite astonishing to find him so much a man of letters as to his politeness, his gentlemanly manners, his knowledge of the world; they exact my warmest admiration. I not only love my father but I am proud of him." The kind of love that is based on pride has its weak side. When the time for George Campbell's return approached, John appears to have been much tormented by the dread that he might not be able to feel "proud" of his brother. He adjures George to get rid of the Scotch accent which "grates" on John's Anglicized ear. He trembles lest the Anglo-Indian should be too much of a Radical, and is urgent in advising or approving the sedulous reading of Shakspeare and other

* Life of John, Lord Campbell, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Edited by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle. In 2 vols. London: John Murray.

works, the knowledge of which was, in John's opinion, conducive to success in good London society. That such a man should choose as his wife a woman that would do him credit, was of course certain. What is a little funny is that so shrewd a fellow as Campbell should, even to his intimates, have poured out with so much *naïveté* the ups and downs of his businesslike courtship, and have let it appear both in his autobiography and his letters how keen was his enjoyment of the credit which both the beauty and the position of his wife brought him. In marriage, as in everything else, he succeeded. His family was part of himself. He made an excellent husband, and, if a little too fond of parading his family affections, was an excellent and kindly father.

Ordinary Scotch virtues—energy, an eye to facts, family affection—are good things in their way, but their exchangeable value in the market of life is increased by mixture with a good alloy of ordinary Scotch vices. Jealousy, for example, is not a condition of mind commended by moralists, and Campbell was by his own confession a constant prey to jealousy. But this unpleasant passion added a constant spur to his untiring energy. To speak of a man as you find him, to be open in all things, to do nothing of which you are ashamed, and to show no shame on account of any honest thing which you do, are the very commonplaces of high-toned social morality; and the man who indulges in petty pretences, who flatters patrons whom he does not respect, who tries to appear something which he is not, and who is ashamed of earning an honest livelihood in an honest way, is not generally considered an admirable or heroic personage. Yet our excellent plain John, in the affairs of social life, violated all the precepts which in one form or another forbid the practice of pretences. He was, in fact, an adept in humbug, who humbugged even himself, and his little pretences brought him no small advantage. It takes no very sharp eye to see that Campbell flattered most people from whom he hoped to get anything. He thrust himself on Tidd, the special pleader; he made friends with the young gentlemen of fashion who came to Tidd's chambers to idle and not to work; and one cannot doubt that half his spite against Brougham and Lyndhurst is the rancor of a man who hates the patrons whom he was at one time compelled to adulate. Nothing was more respectable in Campbell than the vigor with which he supported himself by writing in the press, and nothing was more characteristic than his terror lest his friends in chambers should discover that he was a newspaper hack. His virtue of virtues was his indomitable industry. When he went to Tidd's (at his brother's expense) he rightly resolved to do his utmost to "get a pennyworth," and no doubt kept his emphasized resolution. But industry itself was subordinated to the desire to keep up appearances. "I should work much harder, but I can get no one to keep me in countenance, and I should not like to become proverbial as a fagger."

To a tendency to jealousy, to a strong dash of honest Pecksniffianism (for Campbell knew how to air a fine sentiment after the manner of Dr. Johnson's famous butcher, such as "I could laugh at my own distresses, but I confess that I cannot look at the state of public affairs without the utmost dismay"), and to the passion for "pushing on," are to be attributed two unpleasant features in Campbell's career, which deprived him both of friendship and of that real respect which his talents and energy had otherwise secured. He was a dangerous companion. His desire to conciliate could hardly conceal his innate truculence. A small trait in his correspondence betrays the whole man. The rising lawyer who, on finding that reform was the winning card, suddenly became a Whig official was, we may be perfectly certain, the ostentatious adulator of Lord Grey. Yet no sooner is Campbell introduced to high political life than his lordship becomes in Campbell's private correspondence "Gaffer Grey," and even the "Gaffer." But if Campbell was a dangerous friend, he was soon found to be a fatal rival. By something like a fatality, at each step of his rise there was at any rate an appearance of his acting with indelicacy towards the men whose places he took. Horne, Plunkett, Denman, Cranworth, and probably Lord Westbury, had each cause to accuse Campbell of something which looked like want of delicacy, and which foes might perhaps call by a harsher name. Campbell has in every case an explanation or a defence. His apologies were, we doubt not, more or less valid. The unpleasant thing is that at almost every step in advance his excellent motives and praiseworthy conduct stood somehow in need of an apology. After all, no elaborate excuses are needed. The man who pushes his way through life must elbow his neighbors and tread on their corns. To complain of him for following his nature is futile. All one can say is that such a nature is not specially lovable. Still, one should not be unjust to Campbell. When he became a judge he wrote in his journal: "I confess I most of all rejoice in the thought of being able to give a place to my old clerk. I have great pleasure likewise in thinking that I may do something for my butler, who has long served me and been much attached to me." This is amiability. One only wonders why a lawyer who had been for many years in receipt of thousands should have deferred so long the indulgence in the "luxury of doing good" to his dependents. Nor let it be supposed that Campbell could not at times show genuine and undoubted emotion. He once, at least, burst into undoubted tears. The occasion was the loss of his election at Stafford. One might say something of the

moral of his career. It is not exactly the lesson which most young Scotchmen will draw from it; but, after all, what moral should be drawn from a man's life is a matter which is all but included in the well-known maxim "de gustibus." When *Bob Stubb's* of the "Fatal Boots" was told by his biographer that his adventures were moral, he replies: "I am blessed if I can see anything moral in them."

D'ALBERTIS'S NEW GUINEA.*

SIGNOR D'ALBERTIS represents himself, with considerable *naïveté*, as having believed in New Guinea "as a land of ever-verdant primeval forests, a region of perpetual ecstasy—where I should find man the unspoiled son of nature, the free savage in his primitive state." This idea had "so fired my imagination that even the few minutes requisite for the steamer to leave the harbor seemed an eternity." The harbor was Genoa; and it was Italy, in that rivalry of hardihood which is confined at the present time to no one race or nation, that sent this explorer forth. It does not seem necessary, even upon very slight reading, that the author should have had such a misconception. No writers, from Captain Cook, in 1770, down, have found it incumbent on them to represent either New Guinea or its people in an attractive light. The records are one, little relieved, tissue of disagreeable incidents and traits. The very intelligent commander of the Dutch expedition, in 1828, is found speaking of the inhabitants as having "offensive manners, their skins bespattered with mud, and of very ill savor, their bodies often covered with sores or sheets of scales. . . . An ugly and repulsive people." Captain Moresby, to select only an item here and there, found the very trees so swarming with ants, yellow, green, and "several brown sorts," when his men landed to cut firewood, that the attempts had sometimes to be abandoned. McFarlane, missionary and explorer, considering the subject of a proposed colonization, writes of the paucity of resources for sustaining such an enterprise, and the poverty of the natives themselves, who demand an axe for a couple of cocoa-nuts. All complain of the deadly malarial fevers. Captain Moresby, at the close of his expedition, in 1874, meets the Russian, Miklukho-Maclay—apparently a most thorough and adventurous explorer, whose reports, as yet buried in the bulletins of the Russian Geographical Society, it is hoped may see the light in more accessible form—"in a deplorable state, and not expected to survive" the virulence of the climate.

Of all this, and infinitely more, in the way of trouble, Signor D'Albertis had, in his five several expeditions, extending over the years from 1871 to 1877, a share which gives his case a pathetic aspect, and must have been peculiarly grievous to one expecting things so very different. It may fairly be said, however, that out of his difficulties arose the most interesting side of his book, which might otherwise have been quite extinguished in a tameness of which it has enough and to spare. This voyager has displayed, to the general reader, much more himself than New Guinea. He appears to have gone out, though with liberal resources for a private person, without Government backing to enable him to operate on a scale on which his efforts might have been crowned with better success. It is a record, as it now stands, of heroic attempts, obstinately renewed, defeated rather by the impediments arising out of the conditions of the search itself than by even the formidable difficulties of the country. The red and blue lines respectively of the discoverer's routes, as traced on his excellent map, give the appearance somewhat of a military demonstration, on received principles. He strikes the great, irregular *terra incognita* on both flanks, and then attacks it in the centre. He penetrates to Mount Arfak, in the extreme northwestern peninsula, and touches at Yule Island and Orangerie Bay, in the extreme southeast. His first day on shore is a rude disillusionment about the forest primeval. Thorns tear his clothing; webs, full of spiders, cling to his face and neck; and trailing vines throw him down, gun in hand. The natives begin cunning and perverse tricks of all sorts; he falls ill of fever, and then of dropsy, and the natives cut off his supplies, so that he is near starving to death. He is sustained chiefly, it would seem, by extraordinary ardor in the pursuits of a naturalist. He shoots strange, uncouth birds, which recall in their novel appellations and ways of conducting themselves those fantastic creations, the jubbub and the bandersnatch. He is consoled for many ills by the skin of (principal treasure of the island) a single bird of paradise.

The most original feat, and in its result the Waterloo, as it were, of this whole notable campaign, is the ascent of the river Fly, a stream named, no doubt, from the British frigate *Fly*, which surveyed its mouth in 1842, and running out of the very most deadly and inhospitable part of the country, north of Torres Strait. He procures a steam-launch of light draught, and twice ascends this river. The first time he is stopped by shoal water, lack of food, and the illness of all on board; the second by these, with murderous mutiny added. His crews were of a mongrel description—West Indian negroes, Chinamen, natives of Fiji, the Philippines, and the Sandwich Islands, with an English engineer and assistant—and, in the time when fortitude was

* "New Guinea: What I did and what I saw. By L. M. D'Albertis, Officer of the Crown of Italy, etc., etc." In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

demand, proved to be beyond control by any inducements. He advanced far enough to sight a great range of mountains, called patriotically on his map Victor Emmanuel, and at this tantalizing point, when the interior seemed fairly opening before him, was obliged to turn back. Even the prospect of gold, which, like many another ingenious discoverer, he dangled artfully before them, had no effect, in their unendurable hardships, on these rude minds. On the shores are mangrove forests, growing, with knotted roots, in a black and muddy soil, and emitting pestiferous odors. Hostile savages, shooting arrows, or bare tracts all but devoid of sustenance for human life, alternate with these. The plucky explorer himself (it is true that he has the making of this chronicle in his own hands) is down, "not with fever only, but with such atrocious rheumatic pains in my arms and legs as almost to drive me mad. . . . Palmer, and especially the cook, are, I hear, very bad, and the others are all on the sick-list. . . . Nevertheless, I gave orders to proceed as usual, and we started at eight A.M." A large part of his time throughout is employed in striking awe into his friends the aborigines, by explosions of dynamite cartridges and the like, in which he appears to take a kind of childish pleasure.

One would say, from the experience here presented, that not the private initiative but a disciplined Government force, with plenty of supplies, was the auspices under which proceedings so ambitious and so fraught with difficulty should be undertaken. The results of Signor D'Albertis are very episodic and partial. He has been to New Guinea and brought us away a handful of random curiosities from the midst of it, rather than a general concept of the island. He is not a master of literary style in his narrative—which is in the diary form; nor gifted with the dramatic faculty; nor at all profound in his numerous personal reflections—as on his birth-day, the expiring gasps of a bird, and the like. On the other hand, he is of a very conscientious intent. He is fond of exposing the absurd inventions of former travellers, and not open to the suspicion of adding to them. His facts have an impressive air of verity, if as much cannot be said for his theories. He has taken pains to reproduce, in two of the handsomest volumes of travel seen in a long time—the bindings especially, in grey linen, stamped with a simple pattern of birds in colors and gilt, are to be commended—by engravings of extreme accuracy, the multifarious objects of ethnological and scientific interest secured by him. Among the rest occur a number of excellently colored plates of the choicest varieties of birds of paradise. Signor D'Albertis has added the survey of the Fly River to the map; a considerable vocabulary of words to those drawn out by his predecessors; and an extensive list of new animals and plants to the collections of the naturalists. It is in professedly technical quarters that his book is likely to meet with most appreciation. What with the spectacle of such a piece of pluck and persistence inspired by scientific ardor, and the number of persons of many nationalities, as referred to, who have been moved, nearly all at the same time, in these last years to employ their energies in the same direction, we may expect that Papua, the last refuge of mystery in Oceania—strangely enough for an island of such enormous size, next in rank to Australia—will remain unknown but little longer.

GEORG BÜCHNER.*

GEORG BÜCHNER'S writings were so fragmentary and his life was so short that he is comparatively little known even in Germany. Nearly half a century after his death this first complete critical edition of his works appears, together with a biography by Karl Emil Franzos, a sufficient indication that the events of Büchner's life and his few literary productions are presumed to have an interest for a considerable number of people even at the present day. This interest arises undoubtedly from the fact that his brief activity was intimately connected with the popular movement in Germany, which received its first impulse from the July Revolution.

Büchner was born October 17, 1813, in Goddelau, a village near Darmstadt. The intense patriotism of his mother saw a good omen in the fact that her son was born on one of the days of the battle of Leipzig, which delivered Germany. This mother, a noble and lovely woman, was her son's first teacher. His father, a highly respected physician in Darmstadt, was a devoted student of the natural sciences. Notwithstanding great diversity of character and taste the wedded life of Büchner's parents was a happy one, and among the children with which it was blessed were three, in addition to Georg, who became eminent in literature—Luise, the author of 'Die Frauen und ihr Beruf'; Ludwig, the author of 'Kraft und Stoff'; and Alexander, now a professor in Caen, the writer of several important books in German and in French. Georg attended the gymnasium in Darmstadt from his tenth to his eighteenth year. The sad political condition of Germany and the revolution in France made a deep impression on the mind of the rapidly-maturing boy, and his school compositions at this time show a remarkable originality and logical development of thought. At the age of eighteen he went to

Strasbourg, where he studied zoölogy and anatomy, and attended lectures on chemistry, physics, physiology, and *materia medica*; the latter to please his father. The wonderful old town, with its beautiful cathedral and its gay and noisy people, disclosed a new life to him. Here he won the affection of Minna Jäglé, the charming daughter of a German Protestant minister. In one respect Strasbourg had changed much since Goethe's time. It was now the very hotbed of French revolutionary ideas. Büchner, imbued with the spirit of his time, watched from this point of view with intense interest the progress of events in Germany. The movement in Paris had roused the German people at last from their political lethargy. A cry for liberty and justice rang through the air. The nation that had given to the world some of the greatest reformers in art, science, literature, and religion had not yet had her political Luther. The reigning princes, instead of adopting conciliatory measures and acceding to just demands, united, under the leadership of Prussia and Austria, in systematic opposition and oppression. Discontent and excitement prevailed everywhere. Büchner, fiery and compassionate at once, was moved to rage and indignation. The law of his own petty grand-duchy did not permit a student to spend more than four terms at a foreign university, and Büchner was therefore obliged to finish his studies at Giessen. He submitted to the arbitrary decision of his father in directing his studies toward practical medicine as a profession, although it was almost unendurable to his poetic mind to be brought into daily contact with nature in a diseased and abnormal condition. Like another Boethius, he sought compensation and consolation in philosophy, and studied one speculative system after another in feverish haste, without finding the object of his quest. His imagination painted everything in sombre colors. In history he saw nothing but blind, irresistible fate. At this period his mental suffering was intense; violent fevers and headaches made his condition often intolerable, and it is therefore no wonder that, philosophy having failed him, he plunged into politics.

His first effort in this direction was a pamphlet, entitled 'Der Hessische Landbote,' which he had secretly printed and distributed—a violent diatribe against the governmental oppression of the poor, bearing the inflammatory motto: "Peace to cottages; war against palaces!" Naturally enough he became a dangerous subject in the eyes of the authorities, and was suspiciously watched. His parents thought it advisable for him to complete his studies at home rather than at the University. There, within a few weeks, he wrote his first drama, 'Danton's Tod.' To escape criminal prosecution and probable imprisonment, in consequence of his 'Landbote,' he fled to Strasbourg. Here, though repudiated and cast off by his father, he settled down to work amid old friends, among them his faithful fiancée, and began to recover from his unnatural excitement. He relinquished the study of medicine and devoted himself with passionate ardor to the natural sciences. We find him returning also to the study of philosophy, and even engaged in the preparation of a course of lectures on "German philosophical systems since Descartes and Spinoza." In a poetical direction also his genius impelled him to great activity. He at this time published translations of Victor Hugo's 'Marie Tudor' and 'Lucrèce Borgia,' and wrote an original comedy entitled 'Leonce und Lena.' His studies in comparative anatomy had led him to certain discoveries which he embodied in a dissertation, 'Sur le système nerveux du barbeau,' written during the winter of 1835-6, for the purpose of obtaining the degree of doctor of physiology and the *venia docendi* in the University of Zürich. It is not surprising that his mother and sister found him tired and pale when they visited him in the summer following his flight from home. Not only his own labors, but his sympathy with the sufferings of his political colleagues, had told severely upon his physical condition.

In October, 1836, after having been elected a corresponding member of the Society of Naturalists in Strasbourg, he removed to Zürich, where he hoped to find a permanent home, and where he was certainly treated with great distinction from the very beginning. It is evident from his letters that he could have been happy here had it not been for the thought of the cruel fate of his companions, who were wasting away in the dungeons of Darmstadt. He began his lectures with great success, and those who knew him thought him entering upon a long career of usefulness. He himself, however, seems to have had a foreboding of the end. Already in the beginning of February, 1837, the hand of death was upon him. After an illness of seventeen days, and in spite of all that could be done for him by the skill of physicians and the care of friends, his heartbroken betrothed closed the eyes from which the light of life had departed. A large number of the best and most cultivated citizens followed his remains to the churchyard on the Zeltweg, where they reposed for thirty-eight years. In 1875 a movement originated at the anniversary of the German Students' Society of Zürich which resulted in the transfer of the remains to a lovely spot on the Zürichberg, overlooking the lake and commanding the wonderful panorama of the Alps in the distance. Here a monument was erected, which was dedicated in the presence of an immense concourse of people amid pathetic demonstrations of enthusiasm and veneration.

It remains to say a few words concerning Büchner's writings. Such of

* 'Georg Büchner's sämtliche Werke und handschriftlicher Nachlass. Erste kritische Gesamtausgabe, eingeleitet und herausgegeben von K. E. Franzos.' Frankfurt: T. D. Sauerländer's Verlag; New York: Westermann. 1899. 8vo, clxxx.-472 pp.

these as have been preserved must be acknowledged to occupy a subordinate position, either with reference to himself as a man or to any very high standard of literary accomplishment. His first drama, "Danton's Death," was produced in feverish haste under the most trying circumstances, and is decidedly lacking in artistic finish and form, though the portrayal of the characters is exceedingly vivid and real. Events and persons are painted with realistic fidelity by the aid of the most repulsive cynicism. Some critics have attributed this to coarseness in the moral fibre of the author. To us it appears to be merely the result of artistic immaturity, of the want of sufficiently refined artistic taste. We are even somewhat reconciled to his excess of realism by the entire absence of that morbid sentimentalism which exhales like a miasma from the works of many poets contemporary with him, preachers of what they conceived to be a lofty idealism, but which was in reality only the evaporation of very common terrestrial mud. In Büchner's "Danton" his gloomy and pessimistic conception of history is poured forth with great intensity and vehemence. Though the subject can scarcely be called dramatic in its nature, the play is full of life and passion, and in spite of all its imperfections it bears the stamp of a powerful creative mind.

In the fragment of the novel entitled 'Lenz' we find an entirely different manifestation of Büchner's poetic gift. It is a masterly delineation of the mental sufferings of the unhappy young poet of whom Goethe saw much during his residence in Strasbourg. Lenz fell in love with Goethe's Frederica, and became insane when he found that his love was not returned. The descriptions of nature in this fragment are truly poetical, and it is to be regretted that the work remained unfinished. "Leonce and Lena" is full of brilliant wit and drollery, while in "Wozzeck," a fragmentary tragedy, the author dwells upon the dark and painful side of human nature, though the grotesque and the heroic are brought into close proximity. Büchner's strictly scientific and philosophical writings, highly spoken of at the time of their appearance, were bright indications of possible success in the severer departments of knowledge. Altogether, these works, few and fragmentary as they are, give abundant evidence of the many-sided genius of the man. Cut off at the very beginning of his career, at the age of twenty-three, what he actually accomplished can scarcely be regarded as more than a promise of future greatness.

RECENT NOVELS. *

IT was for a long time the custom in Norway (and not alone there, witness Hawthorne's apology for 'The Marble Faun') to look upon Italy as *par excellence* the home of poetry and romance. Before a Norwegian author had made the prescribed pilgrimage to Rome his claim to the title of *Digter* was not universally recognized. Björnson therefore caused something of a revolution in the feelings of his countrymen when he opened their eyes to the poetry which lay neglected at their very doors; and after he had set the fashion, the peasant novel enjoyed an extraordinary popularity and powerfully stimulated the national sentiment among the Norsemens. But according to recent indications the peasant novel has had its day, and the excessively defiant and rhetorical patriotism which sprouted in its track has become the object of legitimate satire. The Norwegians have always been in the habit of congratulating themselves on their remoteness from the great and wicked world, where the most dreadful vice and corruption flourish. In their snug little corner, up under the North Pole, they contrive to remain moderately virtuous, keeping only a small supply of diminutive vices for home consumption. Their merchants are moderately honest, their judges moderately just, and their priests moderately pious. The function of these latter officials is to wage war against what is called "the spirit of the age," to keep the people spiritually in leading-strings, and from their pulpits to hurl forth weekly anathemas against Darwin and the other pioneers of thought to whose labor the nineteenth century owes its greatness. For the faithful performance of this duty they are paid liberal salaries. This is saying, in a blunt way, what Mr. Kielland wittily hints at in his gentle and carefully-veiled satire.

'Garman og Worse' is the story of a mercantile house on the western coast of Norway. Of two brothers who, in spite of their differences of taste and temperament, have a lurking fondness for each other, the younger goes abroad and returns penniless with a presumably illegitimate daughter and much dearly-bought experience, while the elder remains at home, labors heroically, and repairs the shattered fortunes of the family. But, of course, Christian Frederic, or the consul, as he is called, is, when compared to his elegant scapegrace of a brother, a home-bred cockney and a narrow-minded provincial. His respect for tradition, his sturdy conservatism, the measured regularity of his habits and emotions are all, we would not say described, but studied with a conscientious minuteness of detail which neglects no possible nuance of the character. The result is a remarkably vivid personality, which engraves itself indelibly upon the reader's memory. Richard Garman, the

younger brother, is also a fine piece of portraiture, but his self-indulgence and amiable cynicism have a less national coloring than the more circumscribed and therefore more characteristic individuality of the consul.

The Garman mansion, which is closely identified with the family history, is the gathering-place of all the gentility of the coast. Its hospitable doors are always flung wide open, and its *salons* afford an admirable opportunity for the author to study the various types of official dignitaries, commercial magnates, and miscellaneous nondescripts who make up the so-called polite society of the western districts of Norway. An intrigue of the forbidden sort, and a matrimonial chase in which there is very little love expended, serve to set these various groups in motion and to show them in expressive attitudes. A young clergyman and widower, named Martens, persuades himself that he is in love with Richard Garman's daughter Madeleine, and by his soothing, protecting, and fatherly manner gets the better of her in a moment of excitement, and with ungenerous haste publishes his engagement in and outside of the family. A jurist of frivolous turn, named Delphin, is also feebly enamored of the same young lady, but having convinced himself that the beautiful Mrs. Garman, the wife of the consul's son, Morten, is not absolutely unconquerable, resolves to enter for the fairer prize. It is needless to say that, though he accomplishes his object, the result is disastrous. A young and talented theologian, who has a fearless and striking way of speaking, well-nigh gains the heart of Rachel, the consul's daughter, and is inspired by her to be wholly faithful in word and deed to his deepest convictions; he doubts, and he is resolved to hoist his true colors. But before the decisive day comes when he is to proclaim from the pulpit his apostasy, he calls upon his superior, Dean Sparre, who gently and deliciously swathes his conscience in eider-down and lulls it to sleep. The dean's argument, and in fact his whole personality, from his white and venerable head to the tips of his soft fingers and his polished boots, are so admirable that we do not marvel in the least that the young man concludes to keep his true colors in his pocket. The episode shows that Mr. Kielland has a keen insight into the methods by which the Norwegian clergy succeed so persistently in smothering all free thought and every initiative to decisive and untraditional action; and if he had taken off his gloves and given more point to his satire, he would have conferred an inestimable benefit upon his country. As it is, you see that he is more amused than indignant, and, although he makes some sharp reflections and harbors some bitter feelings occasionally, he is altogether too polite to say anything that might hurt somebody's feelings. It is only fair to admit, however, that by his moderation and self-restraint his book gains artistically what it loses in moral weight.

'Loukis Laras' tells in autobiographic form the experience of a Chiote merchant's family during the opening years of the Greek revolution. There is no attempt to give a history of the war in general, but the historical facts referred to in the narrative are related in notes at the end. Like the Erckmann-Chatrian stories, of which it continually reminds one, it ignores all the glory and display of war and sets before us simply the action of it upon the lives and fortunes of humble people. It seems marvellous that a Greek could so divest himself of the perfervid enthusiasm of his race, apt to manifest itself especially in talking or writing of their past glories, as to conceive and execute a picture such as this. Nothing is more remarkable in the book than the studiously quiet, subdued tone of it. There is no hero and no heroine. The narrator expressly disclaims for himself any courage or adroitness, is rescued by others from dangers, and hardly ever acts of his own motion except in going to recover his father's buried treasure, and in starting a business to maintain his family in their exile and poverty. Yet the story is full of interest and leaves on the mind a vivid impression of its scene and events. The writer has been able to identify himself completely with the fictitious narrator, and has introduced many trifling incidents, such as one remembers from moments of excitement, which give a singular naturalness to the story. The episode of Adriana, the deathbed of the father, the interview with Negriz, which determined Laras to make an effort to educate himself, illustrate the power of the homely realism of the book. The translation, too, has occasionally a touch of quaintness which rather adds to the effect. It is doing the author no injustice to suppose that the book, originally published in 1879, was intended to have an influence on the present effort of Greece to secure a more favorable boundary from Turkey. It has been translated into four other languages, and this English version will delight the bookbuyer as much by its clear, delicate type, choice paper, and ragged edges as the story will please the reader.

'An Egyptian Princess' is, we believe, the first of Professor Ebers's Egyptian romances. It is, at any rate, the worst. 'The Sisters' is but half as long, and 'Uarda' is not half as prolix. Nevertheless, the work is not without merit and is worth reading. At the second volume it grows interesting, and both are instructive. The story is of the time of Cambyes and concerns that

*Loukis Laras. Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the War of Independence. By D. Bikelas. Translated from the Greek by J. Gennadius. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

*An Egyptian Princess. From the German of Georg Ebers. New York: William Gottsberger & Co. 1880.

*Garman og Worse: Roman af Alexander L. Kielland. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandels Forlag. 1880.

monarch's conquest of Egypt, the causes which led to it, and the events which immediately followed. Nearly all the characters are historical, and the archaeology is elaborately minute, and of course trustworthy. If the interest of the narrative were at all quick—as, except in the first part of the second volume, it is far from being—the reader would feel impatience at the notes and be tempted to skip them. It is distracting when the heroine tears off a bracelet in the heat of passion, or begs her husband on her deathbed to have her body embalmed, to be enticed from the text to dissertations upon personal ornaments and mummies; but in the main we have found the notes the most entertaining portion of the work. The scene alternates between Egypt and Babylon. Among the personages are Cambyzes, Hystaspes, Darius, Bartja, Amasis, Croesus, and sundry Greeks, and the historical rehabilitation is not ineffective. Readers ignorant of Herodotus and all subsequent historians of the period will undoubtedly be enabled to get a fair working notion of the manners, customs, religion, views of life and art, the roads, ships, palaces, and costumes of Persia and Egypt in the fifth century B.C., and others may have their knowledge freshened and extended by the reading of a novel which is not a bad one as novels go. But we spoke so highly of 'Uarda' when the translation of that work appeared that we feel bound to say that this book is romantically greatly inferior. The novelist had evidently not got his archaeology into a state of sufficient pliability when he wrote it, so that much of the text might advantageously be incorporated in the foot-notes, and much more, since he was new to the business of novel-writing, be omitted altogether. Not only is the erudition so clumsily managed as to suggest Bulwer's (which was said to have been furnished him by less distinguished but better-informed students, by the way), but the story is of the old-fashioned, long-winded intricacy, and full of the transparent devices of the yellow-covered historical novel a grade below Harrison Ainsworth's. For example, at the pinch of the plot, where Cambyzes falls into the meshes of the diabolical eunuch Boges, and has his wife, his brother, and half his court under sentence of death, and all innocent, instead of letting the matter clear itself up as it can hardly be held from doing, the author brings in a *deus ex machina* in the shape of a clear-headed young Greek to set things to rights. The rapid good sense of the Greek is much dwelt upon, and the reader has it impressed upon him that this is a national trait. But though it wants but a short time before the unhappy innocents are to be strangled, this alert and straightforward Greek, instead of explaining his secret in three words, takes something like three thousand to do it in; he proves, in point of fact, the most Teutonic Hellene that the Attic race ever produced. There are various similar paradoxes, due to the causes mentioned.

'Ploughed Under' purports to be told by an Indian chief, who embellishes the recital of the wrongs his tribe has suffered by the collection of those outrages against the life and property of the oppressed "wards of the nation" with which he has become acquainted, all duly attested to be actual occurrences by frequent foot-notes and by the introduction, which is contributed by Inshta Theamba, the Bright Eyes of recent fame. Bright Eyes says in this, amid much eloquence, that the Indian has been regarded by the whites either from what we may call the Fenimore Cooper point of view or from that of the Colorado settler, whereas he should be viewed as a potential citizen. We are bound to say that Bright Eyes or some pale-faced philanthropist has struggled vigorously with the sagamore who tells the story to restrain him from upsetting this view, but with only partial success. He says nothing, indeed, which justifies the conception of the frontiersman, but he does much to confirm the romantic conception. He thinks agriculture is squaw work, and pale-face civilization evidently seems a humdrum affair to him. In his boyhood, during which he seems to have belonged to the Lake school of nature worship, it is his constant puzzle that to love Wakanda (God) and nature and beauty rather than "narrow ways" and "shut up houses" is regarded by civilized persons as a mark of savagery. His early experiences with the whites do nothing towards solving this. The tribe of his betrothed has been exterminated because they could not catch and deliver up one of their number who had killed a white settler in a drunken brawl, although they did their best by killing one of their prominent men and offering his body as a substitute. Prairie Flower and her father are the sole survivors, and they join the tribe of Eagle Wing; but Prairie Flower is stolen away by the dissolute son of the agent, who kills his own mother for trying to rescue her. She escapes, but is arrested for being off the reservation and transported to the Indian Territory. Eagle Wing's tribe is immediately after transported thither also, and then follows the Ponca story. The lovers escape and return to their old home, and the hero writes there this story of his life. His style is exceedingly uneven. In descriptions of nature and Indian customs, and in not infrequent phrases like "while the maiden wept for harrowed gentleness," it has a cadence that suggests pale-face culture of no mean order. But the narrative of the Indian's dealings with the whites is marked occasionally by a simplicity that may be real. In general, however, there is an attempt at satire indicative rather of

the simplicity of the commonplace mind more or less familiar with the literature of the Indian question. The work is injured by this composite character, which will, we fear, only excite sneers and harden hearts west of the Mississippi. For example, an Irish servant of the agent engaged in chaffing an Indian girl refers insultingly to the proposed statue of Liberty in New York harbor welcoming immigration—"And you red-skins is a-goin'." That's all there is about it." The brave little maiden answered:

"... The torch you speak of may welcome your countrymen; we do not complain of that. But I think some of its light might shine towards the red-man, who owns the land you are pushing him out of."

"Ha! ha!" said the milkman.

"Ho! ho!" said the gardener.

"He! he!" said the speckled-nosed cowboy.

"Then the three profound statesmen stepped aside and allowed the Indian girl to pass."

A foot-note says "the attentive reader will discover that this scene in the garden is simply a short-hand report of one of the recent debates in Congress (somewhat condensed)." This, it will be noticed, is in a wholly different vein from the funeral address at the burial of the braves who fell in the battle with the Sioux, and the two display a range of style that is incredible in any Indian chief hitherto known in literature, and would itself be the best plea for citizenship the story contains if we could quite depend on the implication of Bright Eyes that there is nothing disingenuous about the book.

Mr. Townsend is by nature and disposition a poet, and his journeys into Bohemia are prefaced by a sonnet and interspersed with one or two other poems. The first two stories relate to American life in Paris; in the last one, which he calls "The Deaf Man of Kensington," the scene is laid in Pennsylvania. The best of the three is the second, "Married Abroad." It is not precisely a tale for boys and maidens, but it has a touch of reality and pathos which the others lack. The difficulty with all of them is that Mr. Townsend has not patience and is not willing to do himself and his cleverness justice; he has too many of the superstitions of Bohemia; he believes Bohemia to be a great place, the country of great minds, a "wayward realm," as he calls it, where

"Convivial round the gate
Of Letters have the masters and the young
Loitered away their enterprises great,
Since Spenser revelled in the halls of state,
And at his tavern rarest Jonson sung."

Of course, in the long run all literary work is judged by its own merits, and not by the surroundings of the persons who produce it, but at the same time there is nothing in the climate of Bohemia which of itself tends to the production of great literary work, as Mr. Townsend seems to suppose.

'Roy and Viola' deals with the French novel's situation tempered by English decorum. Viola makes a *mariage de convenance* in Paris with the aid of her match-making young friend, Netta de Ferias, who has herself done the same thing, and, having chosen an aged millionaire, has strength of mind to keep her poor English lord of a lover at a proper distance till she may happen to be free. Viola, after her marriage, goes to England, where the slight romance that a heroine must have even when mercenary does not outlast the honeymoon. She accordingly becomes one of those icy women with a strong sense of duty, and her husband, finding it dull at home, seeks questionable amusement outside. Her coldness and his vulgarity repel society till the author rewards her heroine with Sir Douglass Roy and his mother. The former, of course, as the title promises, falls in love with Viola, and, like the noble man he is, devotes himself to trying to make her husband less of a cad without letting her suspect his motive. It is a hopeless job, however. The cad grows worse, and through his obstinacy costs the life of his boy. To recover from this shock Viola goes to visit Lady Roy, where she meets her rival in a young widow and former flame of Roy's. The sight of her opens Viola's eyes to her heart's unsuspected wandering, and she returns home "strengthened," to nurse her husband to the fatal end of a tedious paralysis. After a decent interval she is united to Roy, and simultaneously in Paris Netta de Ferias receives the reward of patience in her husband's money and her English lord. The moral is the danger of marrying rich old men who have excellent constitutions.

In 'All Alone' Théuriet treats a somewhat similar subject, but the motive of the book is the necessity of a French divorce law. The provincial heroine is married by her mother to a Paris adventurer, from whom she is finally obliged to separate. The curé, who has been unable to prevent the separation, takes the young wife under his charge, and finds employment and a home for her. Quite casually she meets a young provincial studying music in the capital, and their equally lonely condition becomes a bond between them which is strengthened by frequent meetings in the course of business. At last he is no longer able to conceal his love from her, and she thereupon begs him to return home, forget her if possible, and marry. He obeys, but

'Bohemian Days: Three American Tales. By Geo. Alfred Townsend ("Gath").' The Author's Private Issue. New York.

'Roy and Viola. By Mrs. Forrester.' Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

'All Alone. From the French of Andre Théuriet. [Handy-Volume Series.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

'Ploughed Under. The Story of an Indian Chief, Told by Himself.' New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1861.

sends her a letter which she does not answer, as at that moment her husband is seized with paralysis and to do so would seem like treachery to a dying man. She nurses him for three months in the hospital, and after his death suddenly meets her lover, who has taken her advice and got married. Divorce, it will be seen, would have made two despairing people happy and probably saved the life of a third—the paralysis being only necessary to the story.

'Poverina' is a story of Italian peasant life of no unusual merit but agreeably told. Poverina is a waif supposed to be under the influence of the *jet-tatura*. She is befriended by a wise old peasant, who finally marries her happily to her eldest son.

'The Black Venus,' considered as a novel, is absurd enough. It is necessary at the outset to admit the preposterousness of its situation; but this once done, there is much skill displayed in making what follows sufficiently consistent to be interesting. The story is simply a series of spectacular scenes for which a journey through Africa furnishes the connecting thread. These are very well done, and the book, which reads like a libretto, was perhaps worth translating.

'Self' contains a well-told story and a wholesome lesson in life inculcated with simple directness. The preface declares that the purpose of the author is to enforce the moral that selfishness is the cause of most domestic infelicity. It is generally safe to avoid a book provided with such a preface; but in this case the form of selfishness studied is in some degree peculiar, and, though the characters are either vague or wooden, the motives that govern their conduct are discussed with considerable insight. The domestic unhappiness in question is caused by the sensitive pride of a loving and self-sacrificing woman and the masculine arrogance of a careless and light-hearted man, and the point to be remarked is the possible selfishness of two people whom all their friends would unite in pronouncing extremely unselfish.

The following extract "samples" very fairly the nightmare transcript of all previous sensational novels which the author calls 'Beaulieu': "Love Madeleine? Yes, I do, very tenderly, with a passionless, heatless, lunar love; but you, Dagmar—you I love to madness."

History of Bristol, R. I. The Story of the Mount Hope Lands, from the Visit of the Northmen to the Present Time. By Wilfred H. Munro. Illustrated. (Providence: J. A. & R. A. Reid. 1880.)—From foreign commerce to manufactures, from violence and adventure to peaceful industrial routine, from dishonest to honest gains—such, in fine, is the story of the pleasant peninsula which Massachusetts ceded to Rhode Island in January, 1746-7. On the shores of Mount Hope Bay a rock still bears an inscription referrible to the Northmen. At the foot of Mount Hope, King Philip ended with his life the war which so nearly nipped in the bud the New England of 1676, while his conqueror, Capt. Benjamin Church, became one of the fathers of the infant settlement which now bears the name of Bristol. From this town, on the 9th of June, 1772, proceeded the boat expedition which destroyed the British armed schooner *Gaspee*, engaged in enforcing those restrictions on colonial commerce which made smuggling honorable and the Revolution possible. In 1775 another British vessel bombarded the place; in 1778 a British force burnt it. It took its revenge in 1812 by fitting out privateers, of which the famous *Yankee* alone "captured British property amounting in value to almost a million of pounds, and she had sent into Bristol a round million of dollars as the profit from her six cruises (p. 310). This was not the first privateering from Bristol. In the French wars Captain Simeon Potter had taken his *Prince Charles of Lorraine* "among the islands to the leeward of Cayenne," and plundered a Jesuit station at Oyapoc. Father Fauque noticed that on Sunday "the captain took out a book of devotion," and "during this day and the following Sunday he occasionally looked at it." When the test of true piety came Capt. Potter was found wanting. Five Indians were a part of the loot. "I represented to Capt. Potter," says the missionary, "that, as the Indians were free among us, he ought not to take them prisoners. But he answered me, 'that this kind of people were used for slaves in Rodelan, and that he should take them thither in spite of all that I could say.'" Some of the silver thus obtained at Oyapoc is still in the possession of Capt. Potter's descendants, who would probably not care to be held answerable for the captives.

There has been no trade between Bristol and the West Indies for eight years, but those islands were the town's source of supply for slave labor as early (or as late) as 1718, not long after which date the establishment of distilleries led to slave-trading on the coast of Africa, and this did not cease till the clause in the Constitution prohibiting it became operative in 1808. The vicious circle is thus described (p. 349):

"Nearly all the owners of the distilleries also owned many vessels. From

Cuba a cargo of molasses was procured and quickly converted into New England rum. From the distillery the great casks went straight to the hold of a schooner or sloop lying at the neighboring wharf. Some light goods, suited to the barbaric tastes of the natives of the coast, were also placed on board, and the vessel was cleared for the coast of Africa. . . . One by one the hogsheads of rum would be bartered for slaves, until the desired number was obtained, and then the captain would sail for Cuba, or one of the neighboring islands, where he was always sure of a ready market for his cargo. There he would load with molasses for Bristol, and so the round would be completed."

In this infamous traffic Bristol, true to its British namesake, was only second to Newport. There are several reasons why the local historian is unable to picture the full extent of it. In the first place, there is a natural regard for the feelings of the posterity of the chief slave-traders, one name in particular being as prominent now for wealth as it was formerly for the means by which riches were acquired. Another is, that public records have been tampered with, even to the mutilating of printed files in historical libraries. A third is the reluctance of those who still preserve private documentary evidence or family traditions to communicate them. Mr. Munro gives no intimation that public sentiment in Bristol ever regarded the great slave-trader with aversion. One who was a lad when Captain James De Wolf was about exchanging slave-trading for privateering, and who was caught killing birds on his broad estate, has told us how, at a safe distance, he retorted the reproach, "Cruel boy!" by allusion to some horror of the middle passage popularly associated with the retired trader. Such memories are perhaps well buried, at least in works like the present. In the process of that evolution which from real as well as from seeming evil still educes good, the historian of Bristol can record a public library founded three years ago by one of the slave-trading family, and dedicated in an oration by the humane and gifted grandson of one of James De Wolf's captains, who left Anamaboe for St. Thomas in January, 1796, with eighty slaves on board.

Studies in Deductive Logic. By W. Stanley Jevons, LL.D. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1880.)—Some forty years ago the two mathematicians, De Morgan and Boole, commenced a reform of formal logic. Their researches were continued by a number of other excellent thinkers (Mr. Jevons among them) in different countries, and the work is now so far advanced that the new logic is beginning to take its place in the curriculum of the universities, while many persons have imagined that some almost magical power of drawing conclusions from premises was to be looked for, and that logic would prove as fertile in new discoveries as mathematics. Concerning such hopes Professor Sylvester says: "It seems to me absurd to suppose that there exists in the science of pure logic anything which bears a resemblance to the infinitely developable and interminable heuristic processes of mathematical science." "To such a remark," replies the author of the book under notice, in his preface, "this volume is perhaps the best possible answer." A more exaggerated pretension never was made. The book is a convenient manual of exercises in elementary logic, tinged with the author's peculiar views, of which there will be different opinions, but, at any rate, sufficiently sound to be useful in the class-room. But if Professor Jevons were to penetrate only a little ways into the heuristic world of the mathematicians—an excursion quite worth the while of a logician—were to learn what discoveries are there made every month, and what sort of a stamp a proposition must bear to be considered, in that field, as really new, it is to be hoped that he would feel something different from self-satisfaction at recollecting that he had set up anything in this little volume as worthy to be compared with the triumphs of a Sylvester. Logic, inductive and deductive, is an important discipline, probably more important than the higher mathematics, just as the multiplication-table is more important than the calculus; but very, very few are the new problems which have ever been solved by the regular application of any system of logic. That part of logic which can best compete with mathematics in the discovery of new truths is the complicated theory of relative terms. But even there the comparison would be very unequal between what is only a branch of mathematics and the whole body of mathematics together. The solution of problems used to be considered as the glory and touchstone of the mathematician; in our time, the aim is rather at the discovery of methods, and we might perhaps look to the logician to produce a *method* of discovering methods. But the main advantages which we have to expect from logical studies are rather, first, clear disentanglements of reasoning which is felt to be cogent without our precisely knowing where in the elenchus lies—such, for instance, as the reasoning of elementary geometry; and, second, broad and philosophical *aperçus* covering several sciences, by which we are made to see how the methods used in one science may be made to apply to another. Such are really the chief advantages of the new systems of formal logic, much more than any facilities they afford for drawing difficult conclusions; and it is evident that if logic is to make any useful progress in the future, we must set out with some more or less accurate notion of what sort of advantages we are to seek for.

¹ Poverina. From the French of Mme. La Princesse O. Cantacuzene-Altiery. [Handy-Volume Series.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.
² The Black Venus: A Tale of the Dark Continent. By Adolphe Belot. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
³ Self. By Rebecca Ruter Springer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.
⁴ Beaulieu. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

Madame de Staël. A Study of her Life and Times, etc. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.)—Madame de Staël was the most celebrated woman of her day. She had birth, fortune, social and diplomatic position, extraordinary powers of conversation and a great literary reputation. One of the petty weaknesses of Napoleon was his dislike of her: she was ordered not to come within forty leagues of Paris. This persecution of the Emperor, as Mme. de Staël liked to call it, was in itself no small distinction. She did her best to increase it by assiduously reminding him of her existence and of her opposition principles. As a writer, Mme. de Staël was essentially of her period; there was a good deal of the pamphleteer about her. The subjects she dealt with have ceased to interest, and tastes have changed. 'Corinne' was read longer than any of her books. Few travellers in Italy were without it when Mrs. Starke was the only guide. Murray and Baedeker have entirely superseded both. Full information about Mme. de Staël's life, sayings, and doings can be found in Mme. Necker de Saussure's 'Notice,' in a well-written summary in the 'Biographie Universelle,' and in a critical sketch by Sainte-Beuve; and this is probably the reason why "no French *littérateur* has dared to attempt" a biography of her, as Dr. Stevens points out in his preface. The doctor had more courage, and after much research has written two volumes, in which no new fact relating to her is given, and one of some interest is suppressed—viz., that her illness and death were probably caused by habitual indulgence in opium. Nevertheless, if a book had to be written, here was a good opportunity. Mme. de Staël lived in three most interesting and sharply contrasted epochs. She grew up and was married in the last years of the *ancien régime*. French society was never more brilliant than under Louis XVI. The old noblesse may have been "pampered, infatuated parasites of power," as Dr. Stevens calls them, but they had polished manners and wit, and their taste was perfect in dress and in household decoration. *Salons et petits soupers*, playing in comedies and dancing in masques, went on to the end. Then came the crash, the downfall of everything, the bloody scenes of the Terror. The Empire followed with its military glitter and its military coarseness, and all Europe under the foot of Napoleon—a chance for three interesting pictures, if an author could make them.

Dr. Stevens has not done so, although we infer from his preface that he meant to attempt it. His passionate admiration for "my heroine" is almost a curiosity of literature. If it were possible to imagine Dr. Stevens tempted like Dr. Faustus, he would ask Mephistopheles for Mme. de Staël instead of Helen of Troy. X. Doudan says that the tone of enthusiasm that pervades Mme. de Staël's 'Delphine' is too high by two or three notes. Dr. Stevens has pitched his key so high that his rhetoric fails him when he speaks of his idol. He can only exclaim in superlatives, like very young ladies whose exuberant feelings exceed a limited vocabulary—"the profoundest of ethical thinkers," "the oracle of the first minds of her times," "the greatest woman in literature," "the greatest woman yet produced by Europe," "the greatest of her age, if not of any age," "her superabundant genius," "her marvellous genius," "her splendid generalizations," "her magnificent descriptions," "her transcendent qualities," "a superb intellect," "a superb historic apparition," "a superb woman." When the Doctor drops rhapsody his narrative is largely made up of quotations—testimonials from distinguished people to Mme. de Staël's greatness and goodness, of little more interest to the reader than the certificates of "prominent" clergymen to the cure-all efficacy of a patent medicine. One can get a better idea of Mme. de Staël from two or three paragraphs in Crabb Robinson's first volume of 'Reminiscences.' The first requisite for a good biography is certainly that an author should be in sympathy with his subject, but a second requisite is that he should not write such sentences as these:

"From time to time Mme. de Staël left her feudal home and transplanted all her noble *cortège* to Geneva."

"There she could gather *élite* minds and hold high discussion on the noblest themes."

"Had the American Revolution failed, Washington's own character as well as his fame would have been different in the judgment of the world."

"But the sense of duty, however noble in the less intimate relations of life, becomes almost ignoble when in the relations of a mother to her child it takes the place of maternal instinct."

With such monographs as have been published recently, the taste of readers has become critical for this kind of work.

The Aryan Village in India and Ceylon. By Sir John B. Phear. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1880.)—We have read this book with considerable interest, and in so far as its author describes what he has seen (and the book is mainly descriptive) we have nothing but praise to speak in regard to it. It is very well printed, and, as many Indian words are used, a glossary is added at the end. In the first part we have a charming account of deltaic Bengal—the level alluvial plain with green fields of waving rice and vistas broken by jungle, with many waters and quaint craft floating upon them. In

this sort of landscape Sir John Phear finds his "Aryan village." Of this he gives a seemingly accurate and very interesting account. "The principal features can be summed up as follows: At the bottom is the great mass of hereditary cultivators of the village lands (*ryots*); at the top the superior lord entitled to rents and dues from these cultivators (*zamindar*). . . . We are told what is meant by the term "hereditary cultivators." Brothers are by law entitled to equal shares of the land which their father cultivated, and co-heirs have a right at any time to compel a partition. As a rule, however, the land is not divided for several generations. The family forms a corporation "in which the individual members have no proprietary rights distinct from those of the whole body, except the right on the part of each co-sharer to separate at any moment and have his aliquot share of the common property divided off and given to him." We are reminded of the maxim of the Roman law, *Nemo in communione potest invito delinere*. "Instances occur in Calcutta, and even in the Mofussil, of families comprehending as many as three hundred or four hundred individuals, including servants, living in one house." The branches of such a family "settle themselves *per stirpes*, so to speak, in separate parts of the house." This fact will interest Mr. Morgan in connection with his study of the houses of American aborigines. The village community of Ceylon, to which the second part of Sir John Phear's book is devoted (the author resided in Ceylon for two years as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court), resembles that of Bengal in almost all respects. The right of the individual cultivator to his land is even more strictly hereditary and absolute. In Bengal his tenure, although hereditary, "does not rise above a right of occupation, with a liability to variation of rent." In Ceylon it is "subject only to the rendering of a special service to the lord."

Now, what strikes us as peculiar in all this is, that there is no trace of what can be properly described as communism. There is no more communism in the Bengal and Ceylon villages than there is in one of our joint-stock land-companies. Not so much indeed, for in our joint-stock company the share of the individual is, and often must remain, an undivided share. In the Bengal or Ceylon community, however, the individual can separate his property from that of his associates whenever he pleases. He can turn an undivided share into a share in severalty at any time. This leads us to enquire how the Bengal or Ceylon community can be adduced to support the theory of "primitive," or, as it is often called, "natural communism." Sir John Phear evidently believes—indeed, he declares—that in describing the Bengal and Ceylon communities he is contributing facts to support that theory. He does not apparently see any difference between those communities and the Russian *mir*, which he describes as "an instance of the like institution." Yet in the Russian *mir* we have pure communism. Now, as Mr. Wallace tells us that the communism in the Russian *mir* dates only from the beginning of the seventeenth century, while Sir John Phear fails to show that there is any element of communism in the villages of Bengal and Ceylon (and in this he falls in with Dr. Hunter, who is our leading authority), the theory of "primitive" or "natural communism" is apparently not so strongly supported as we have thought it to be. It is so easy to mistake a partnership with a shareholding according to a law of inheritance (individual inheritances being represented by undivided shares) for a communistic partnership (we see how Sir John Phear has confounded them), that it is desirable that the evidence in support of the theory of "primitive communism" should be reviewed and examined carefully. It is conceivable that this evidence is not so plentiful nor so good as has been maintained.

Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America. By Felix L. Oswald. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, pp. 425.)—For eight years the author of this handsome volume travelled for the benefit of his health through the highlands of Jalisco, Oaxaca, Colima, and Vera Paz, in Mexico, and through Yucatan and the backwoods of Guatemala; and his rambles in that *terra* comparatively *incognita* are here noted down with the enthusiasm of one who has a keen perception of the scenic charms of nature. The author, who is a doctor in medicine, thinks that the Mexican *alturas* visited by him offer an excellent sanitarium for *marasmus* and other diseases. At Llanos Ventosos, in the valley of Oaxaca, pulmonary complaints are quite unknown, and the beautiful village of San Miguel, formerly a Swiss colony, is specially recommended for Northern invalids. The price of living is very cheap, the cost of an unfurnished cottage being about \$15 per year, that of a pound of mutton 6 cents, and that of a whole turkey 18 cents, everything else being proportionately cheap. While game is plentiful, there are only four or five venomous varieties of snakes, which are well known and easily avoided. Dr. Oswald has had with the dreaded insects of the tropics the same experience recorded by the late professors Hartt and Orton in Brazil—that is to say, he found that the virulence of the attacks of the larger insects has been grossly exaggerated. "I doubt," he says, "if the sting of twenty tarantulas could cause the death of a healthy child." Among the many wonders of vegetation in Oaxaca the author calls attention to the cypress forests on the southeastern slopes of the mountains.

The largest of these trees, which Humboldt called "the oldest vegetable monument of our globe," is the Maria del Tule, which has a diameter of forty-two feet, and a circumference of one hundred and thirty-six feet near the ground.

In spite of the genuine enjoyment this book affords, it is altogether too sketchy to serve its purpose as a "guide-book to one of the few regions of earth which may give us an idea of the tree-land eastward in Eden." No map of any kind aids the reader to follow Dr. Oswald from 28 degrees down to about 14 degrees N., through Mexico, Yucatan, and the forests of Guatemala. The first chapter takes one through Sonora, the northernmost state of Mexico on the Gulf of California; in the second chapter one is already about four hundred miles south, with no indication of the leap. It is to be regretted that these papers (they first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*), showing so much character and vigor, are not supplemented by such general description of the region visited as to make them more enjoyable to those who wish to accompany the author intelligently in his rambles. But as isolated sketches they are very interesting; and the reader, borrowing some of Dr. Oswald's enthusiasm, feels also like visiting those sierras with their strange wonders of vegetation and generous climate. The book is illustrated by H. F. Farny and H. Faber, and their work is good.

The Servant-Girl Question. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—*What Girls Can Do.* By Phillis Brown. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)—Mrs. Spofford discusses the familiar subject with a clever force which never degenerates into smartness. Our own observation would have inclined us to think some of the articles a little belated. The author herself seems to have some such sense, for in her plea of "Mistress versus Maid" the defendant is literally a *Doppelgänger*, appearing now as "the poor maid, just transferred from her shelling," "with her wild traditions, her outlandish custom of wakes and ulalus," and now as "the servant with airs of gentility, with assumption of equality in dress and full knowledge of equality before the law." But it only proves, what we think the book hardly recognizes with sufficient distinctness, that time has wrought the same changes in this question that it does in all. The forty years, almost, since the famine have divided it: it is not one but three. If it be altogether an affair of the well-to-do, the cities, the smaller towns, the country present so different aspects of it that no picture of the one is true of the others. The novelty of the book is the making the case tripartite by the explicit arraignment of the master. Space fails here for more than a hint in his defence. There is surely a word to be said on his side; but no woman can say it who does not know what it is to have business engagements, absolutely regular, peremptory, and vitally important for reputation as well as purse. The author's hopes of relief for the mistress are threefold—"the lady help," the Chinaman, and the better training of the daughters by the mothers. It may be that the shadows of the first two are already upon the kitchen threshold. As to the third, how much long, patient painstaking is to be expected of a generation of women to whom has come the great increase of wealth of the last fifteen years?

The mother who looks for help to 'What Girls Can Do' will be disappointed. It includes our old acquaintances, 'The Girls' Own Book' and 'Art Recreations,' plus dress-reform, china-painting, university examinations, etc., etc. It is less than patchwork, for that is fitted and sewed together. This is only a collection of—we had almost said—tatters, strung on a thread of titles of fine moral intention, but which there is nothing in the plan or the tone of the book to justify. If it touches every subject, from rubbing tins to Girton College, there is none upon which the special or technical hand-book now so common should not be preferred. The English is careless, and the high-flown phrases are no help to thought or style. For instance, no girl may trust herself to trim a hat "who has not the consciousness of genius." But it is not merely the literary faculty that is wanting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Barbou (A.), Victor Hugo.....	(S. C. Griggs & Co.) \$1 00
Benedict (Sir J.), Weber.....	(Scribner & Welford) 1 00
Biddle (H. P.), Elements of Knowledge.....	(Robert Clarke & Co.) 1 00
Birkel (D.), Loukis Laras: a Tale.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 25
Carlyle (T.), Reminiscences, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 15
Cheney (Mrs. E. D.), Gleanings from the Fields of Art.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Clarke (Prof. H. A.), Harmony on the Inductive Method.....	(Lee & Walker) 1 00
Craik (Mrs. D. M.), His Little Mother, and Other Tales, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 75
Ebers (Prof. G.), Egypt, Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque, Parts 7, 8, swd.....	(Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.) 10
Fitzgerald (P.), Life of George IV., 2 parts, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 40
Fothergill (Dr. J. M.), Aids to Diagnosis, Parts 1, 2, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 00
George (H.), The Irish Land Question, swd.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 50
Hall (G. S.), Aspects of German Culture.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 15
Hay (Mary C.), Into the Shade, and Other Stories, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 20
Holmes (O. W., Jr.), The Common Law.....	(Little, Brown & Co.) 20
Hunt (Mrs. John), The Wards of Plotinus, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 20
Littlejohn (Rev. A. N.), Individualism: its Growth and Tendencies.....	(T. Whittaker) 3 75
Michael (J. F.), The History of the Crusades, 3 vols.....	(A. C. Armstrong & Son) 1 50
Mollett (J. W.), Sir David Wilkie.....	(Scribner & Welford) 1 50
Morrow (A. C.), Bible Student's Cyclopædia.....	(N. Tibbals & Sons) 1 00
Munger (Rev. T. T.), On the Threshold.....	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 1 00
Perry (A.), The Schoolmaster's Trial.....	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 00
Ploughed Under: a Tale.....	(Fords, Howard & Hulbert) 1 00
Preston (Harriet W.), Georgics of Vergil, translated into English Verse.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Redhouse (J. W.), The Mæmæ, translated with versification.....	(Janssen, McClurg & Co.) 1 00
Swing (Rev. D.), Club Essays.....	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 00
Stoddard (W. O.), Dab Kinzer: a Tale.....	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 00

Thackeray (W. M.), Vanity Fair, Four Georges, English Humorists, Catherine, Ravenshoe, 1 vol.....	(Pollard & Moss) 3 50
Townsend (Virginia F.), Lenox Dare: a Tale.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Waddington (S.), English Sonnets by Living Writers.....	(Geo. Bell & Sons) 2 00
Winter (W.), Life, Stories, and Poems of John Brougham.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Woolson (Abba G.), Browsing among Books.....	(Roberts Bros.) 10 00
Worcester's Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged, with Supplement.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 10 00

Fine Arts.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—I.

THERE are 752 numbers in the catalogue this year, and an unusual number of large canvases, so that the walls of all the galleries are covered below the line as well as above, the corridor overflows the staircase, and a room on the first floor is made the limbo of crayon drawings, water-colors, and most of the sculpture. The portraits make the most interesting part of the display, as they did last year. Miss Kate Field sends one of herself by Mr. F. D. Millet (No. 413), which arrests the eye of the visitor, as he enters the main room, with great peremptoriness. In a strictly popular sense it is the "swell" picture of the Exhibition. The lady is seated sidewise on a low sofa, her feet resting upon a hassock at the left, so that the figure is nearly in profile; the head being turned to the observer and supported lightly by the right arm, which rests upon an upright cushion, while the left arm reclines decorously in the lap. The canvas is five feet high by six long. The colors are old-gold, black, and cardinal, the first blazing from the plush upholstery, a brocade background, and a brass pot containing some peacock feathers which balances the ottoman, and the other two contrasting vigorously in the sitter's dress, the train of which is swept round in front with the double object of exposing its richness and showing the brazen vessel it could not but partly conceal if more naturally disposed. The dress is high-necked and sleeveless, with a black lace *fichu* which falls over the shoulder a little way and yellow gloves of many buttons complete the costume. This omits nothing, we believe, and should not, since a description is here almost a characterization. The reader will see that the composition is somewhat meagre rather than simple; the color alone forbids the idea of simplicity, and we suspect that the efforts of the artist to solve a difficult problem ended in compromise. As in most compromises of this sort the result is curiously incongruous. The surroundings are almost Levantine, and the figure is unmistakably Occidental; the tiny slippered feet and cardinal stockings peep coquetishly from beneath the dress, but the face and bearing contradict the impression of coquettishness, and speak of graver things; the whole attitude, indeed, seems to suggest a sprite-like frivolity suddenly checked and aborted by a sobriety approaching primness, and one is at a loss to determine whether the painter has displayed just too much or just too little gallantry—gallantry having clearly been the kernel of his difficulty. Such difficulties have, however, been overcome—witness the luxuriousness infused by Clairin into his familiar portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, in spite of the exclusively linear elements which he had to treat, and which may be set off against Mr. Millet's psychological obstacles, unless we are to assume that the latter ought not to have attempted at all what he plainly has attempted in this work. A good deal of excellent painting that it contains is thus obscured by its mistake in point of art.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Funding Bill" (No. 216) is an even larger canvas, though in every other respect it is a complete contrast. Two gentlemen are discussing the subject indicated by the title, and the point about the picture is its thorough-paced reality. The figures are portraits, and the scene is the room of a modern New York house. It is evident, moreover, that the conversation is of that practical order which rules in similar interiors, and with which we are all acquainted; the topic must be either business or politics, and the title is as needless as it is apt. In this way the picture is a masterpiece; it is the perfection of that kind of painting so often urged upon unpatriotic American artists who repair to Venice and Brittany for inspiration, and neglect the possibilities with which our own life and land teem, and which are never touched without awakening a sympathetic popular echo. Artistically, too, it combines portraiture with *genre*; and whenever this is done with any success one wonders afresh why the expedient, old as it is, is not oftener resorted to. After you have looked at the faces and figures you have still the surroundings to examine, and always the literary side of the picture to fall back upon. Like most of Mr. Johnson's best work, like the portrait of a little boy in the South room (No. 401), it has corresponding technical merits. A painter would say that, whether or no the hands were well painted, they are too much nearer the spectator than the faces to be less carefully treated, and make similar objections. But objections of this sort have always seemed to us trivial to make in the case of Mr. Johnson; in his case, certainly, to find positive blemishes in technique is as hypercritical as to seek positive defects in his art. If his shortcomings were as little felt as his defects, his pictures would be as impressive as they are irreproachable. As it is, this "Funding Bill" repeats on a large scale the familiar absence of those qualities, both technical and artistic, which give vivacity and endurance to

works of the imagination. In neither its design nor its treatment is there anything imaginative to be recognized. A prolonged inspection of it leaves the feeling that its obvious excellences and irrelevant blemishes are unpleasantly insufficient compensation for the absence of this, and are, indeed, so many positive assurances that in time interest in the work must cease altogether, or else give way to an irritated desire to change the furniture about and give the discussion that is going on so persistently a new turn.

In feeling the need of imagination in fine-art no subscription to the "ideal" theories of the days of classicism is, of course, implied, and it is a trite remark to say that such a painter as Mr. Johnson would be all the more real for a little imaginativeness. Neither would he in that event lose any of the beauty of homeliness. The strictest constructionist could not ask anything less sophisticated by ideality in the cant sense than Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Peggy" (No. 170), on the adjoining wall; and in this Exhibition certainly we could not select an example which so well illustrates the imaginative and suggestive possibilities of pure portraiture. There is evidently no *ab-extra* assistance from *genre* needed to enforce the reality of this charming young face, which is, on the other hand, as free from conventional lines of beauty as it is full of character. One may say that such a face could not well be "imagined," and could not be so sympathetically rendered without imagination; and this, we take it, is what is meant by portraiture of a high order. As a bit of pure painting it is equally striking. A black background, brown beaver hat, black dress (the head and shoulders only appear), and a bunch of light hair are, besides the face, the sole elements of a perfectly simple composition; and in color it is rich and grave. There is in the flesh a peculiar juiciness and soft pliancy which alone would stamp it as remarkable work, and give it a pictorial interest that no merely decorative composition could have; in fact, such handling as it shows is the essence of decorativeness in the best sense. With the whole effect of the portrait in this respect compare that of Mr. Porter's (No. 414) in the main room, in which it is impossible not to observe how the drawing and the painting of the drapery are cheapened by the hard and superficial way in which the flesh is rendered. Not that, flesh-painting aside, Mr. Porter would be interesting this year any more than last, millinery having obtained too strong a hold upon him for a satisfactory treatment even of drapery; but this portrait seems a distinct retrogression in that, except so far as drapery is concerned, it indicates an abandonment of color in which at one time he appeared to take a sensuous delight. How many removes is it, one asks himself, from this to the art of Mr. Huntington, as displayed in the "Portrait of a Lady" (No. 419) on the same wall?

Mr. Huntington, we may mention, is also represented by a portrait of Senator Sherman (No. 398), sent by the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Le Clear sends one of the late Sanford R. Gifford (No. 433), in which he is at his best. He has the faculty of "catching likenesses," as it is called; and having been particularly successful in characterization here, it matters less that the face is not more solidly painted. A similar faculty is evinced by Mr. Vinton, as one may see without acquaintance with the original of his portrait (No. 488) of an elderly gentleman characterized with evident felicity. Next to Mr. Weir's, it is, perhaps, the most interesting portrait of the Exhibition in point of painting also. The background is neither strong nor especially pleasing, but is unpretending and in keeping with the tone of the picture, and only strikes the attention because the treatment of it as explicitly and merely a background, instead of as a pictorial element, is so conventional as to contrast with the spontaneity which marks the rest of the work. Mr. Maynard has a rather photographic full-length of Mr. Millet in his war correspondent's costume (No. 465), and next it is the figure of a young lady (No. 464) drawing on her gloves preparatory to a "Morning Promenade," by Mr. E. J. Bissell, which seems to have technical merit,

though it is hung so high that any judgment of it is largely speculative. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt sends two, a head and shoulders (No. 443) and a two-thirds length (No. 416), of which the latter is the more attractive on account of the pretty stuff of which the young lady's skirt is made. Above the former is one of a gentleman (No. 442), by Mr. J. H. Witt, which looks, so far as the naked eye can discover, as if an exchange of places with either of the young ladies by the same hand that are on the line would be to Mr. Witt's advantage, since it is apparently more serious if not as superficially clever work. A small head (No. 326) below the line in the East room, by Mr. Hovenden, has too much vivacity to be justly overlooked, as it is likely to be. Of Mr. Anderson's young lady in purple (No. 301) in the same room the reverse may be said, unless one associates vivacity with qualities usually described as "stunning," but really rather galvanic than inspiring. Over the east door of the main gallery is "A Portrait" (No. 497), by Miss Rosina Emmett, to which size and ambitiousness, perhaps, lend more importance than other characteristics. It is undeniably clever and pretty, but it is also undeniably the work of an amateur. The composition is clearly artificial, and the figure and surroundings fit each other ill, being, indeed, so different in tone and painted with so different a motive as to suggest two distinct pictures inaptly combined. The care expended upon the burnished brass globe in the centre, which is capably rendered in itself, forms a conspicuous contrast with the fragility with which the figure is endowed, besides emphasizing the wrong thing. The drapery, too, in itself is delicately done and happily chosen to suit the individuality it decorates, but it is just enough out of key with the rest to indicate that the work is a study in composition rather than a single conception. In this respect, as, in fact, in most others, we like the same painter's portrait of an attractive youngster of some three summers, we should judge, in the North gallery (No. 202). This is very charming in character as well as pictorially, and all of a piece in either view. The hair is rather wig-like and hardly grows out of the head it covers, but the face is noticeably well painted, and the light key of color, nowhere fading into paleness, very agreeably preserved. Miss Dora Wheeler's "Portrait Sketch" (No. 137) deserves mention for the way in which the manner of the typical American school-boy of the upper classes is caught, and Mr. Shirlaw's portrait in the corridor (No. 91) mainly because it is his and he has done more interesting things. From either it is a considerable stretch to Mr. George Butler's "Italian Peasant Girl" (No. 138) and "Italian Knitting Girl" (No. 660), Mr. Fuller's "Winifred Dysart" (No. 424) and Mr. Eakins's "Study" (No. 459), which, though strictly to be classed as figure-pieces, have in part the interest of portraiture. Mr. Butler's have a tender and pensive charm, and are painted with agreeable solidity and a sureness that is very refreshing in the midst of so much erratic experimenting as even the Academy Exhibition has come to contain. The way the jug and hands are treated in the first is a little trying—both are earthenware, but the jug alone is flexible—but there is no drawback in the second, which, indeed, has something the interest a similar work by Page, who no longer exhibits, unhappily, would have. The contrast between it and "The Page" (No. 668) which hangs hard by is full of reproof to the painter of the latter, if she would heed it, but we fear it is too late. Mr. Fuller's picture suggests nothing that his charming art does not always suggest, unless it be surprise that his persistent vagueness does not become wearisome; it is certainly his medium, and regret that he essays no other is, perhaps, as unreasonable as it evidently would be vain. Regret, however, is plainly justifiable in the case of Mr. Eakins's "study" of a model in a low-neck white dress, whom he has painted with such precision of fidelity as to have seemingly begrudged her the slight and evanescent beauty she might have disclosed to less searching eyes. It is a characteristic picture; nothing here is more powerful, more admirable in a dozen ways—or more irritating.

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